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OF
1812

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From the painting by A. B. Durand.

ANDREW JACKSON.

STORIES OF COLONY AND NATION

THE WAR OF 1812

BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF

"THREE COLONIAL BOYS," "THE BOYS OF OLD MONMOUTH," "THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE," "CAMPING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE," "THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE," ETC.



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Stories of Colony and Nation

The War for Independence

By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Illustrated. 184 pp.

The War of 1812

By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

Illustrated. 200 pp.

Lads and Lassies of Other Days

By LILLIAN M. PRICE

Illustrated. 180 pp.

The Building of the Nation

By LUCY E. L. TAYLOR

Illustrated. (In preparation)

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PREFACE

THE War of 1812 is an epoch of our national history which has been largely ignored. Just why this should be so, it is difficult to understand. As far as personal heroism and the effects upon the life of our nation are concerned, the second war with England is certainly worthy of a higher place than that which is commonly bestowed upon it. It was the first struggle of the new nation, and in its way was as deserving of honor as the earlier contest of the colonies for their independence. Certainly to uphold the new nation was as worthy as to establish it; and there can be no true appreciation of our history without a recognition of the elements that entered into the struggle of the states to maintain their independence.

The author expressly wishes to state that he has had no desire to glorify war. Its horrors should be recognized by all, but none the less should the bravery of those who responded to their country's call in the hour of peril be cherished as a worthy part of our heritage.

Nor has there been the slightest wish to create any prejudice against the mother country. There is every reason why the peace between the two peoples should be perpetually cherished; but even this self-evident

truth should not be permitted to dim the luster of the heroic deeds of the men who, when matters were different, stood by their own and ungrudgingly gave themselves to the land of their birth.

The basis of each of these stories is historically correct, and if the reading of them shall lead the young student to take an increased interest in the history of his country and to make investigations of his own, one part at least of the author's purpose will have been accomplished.

He desires to express his thanks to *The Independent*, *The Outlook*, *The Interior*, *The Christian Endeavor World*, the S. S. McClure Company, and others, for their kind permission to include in this collection some of the stories which first appeared in their columns.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

ELIZABETH, N.J.

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LEADING EVENTS IN THE WAR OF 1812

1812.

- June 18 . . . Declaration of War.
- August 13 . . . The *Essex* takes the *Alert*.
- August 16 . . . Surrender of General Hull.
- August 19 . . . The *Constitution* takes the *Guerrière*.
- October 13 . . . Battle of Queenstown Heights.
- October 18 . . . The *Wasp* takes the *Frolic*.
- October 25 . . . The *United States* takes the *Macedonian*.
- December 29 . . . The *Constitution* takes the *Java*.

1813.

- January 22 . . . The Massacre at the Raisin River.
- February 24 . . . The *Hornet* takes the *Peacock*.
Cruise of the *Essex* in the Pacific.
- April 27 . . . Capture of York (Toronto).
- May 1 . . . Siege of Fort Meigs.
- June 1 . . . The *Chesapeake* taken by the *Shannon*.
- August 2 . . . Siege of Fort Stephenson.
- August 14 . . . The *Pelican* takes the *Argus*.
- August 30 . . . Creek War — Massacre at Fort Mims.
- September 5 . . . The *Enterprise* takes the *Boxer*.
- September 10 . . . Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
- October 5 . . . Battle of the Thames.

1814.

- March 27 . . . Creek War — Battle of Tohopeka, Alabama.
- March 28 . . . The *Phœbe* and the *Cherub* take the *Essex*.
- April 29 . . . The *Peacock* takes the *Epervier*.
- June 28 . . . The *Wasp* takes the *Reindeer*.

1814.

July 3 Capture of Fort Erie.
July 5 Battle of Chippewa.
July 25 Battle of Lundy's Lane.
August 24 . . . Burning of Washington City.
September 1 . . The *Wasp* takes the *Avon*.
September 11 . . Macdonough's Victory on Lake Champlain.
September 13 . . Attack on Fort McHenry.
September 17 . . Battle of Fort Erie.
November 7 . . Jackson takes Pensacola.
December 15 . . The Hartford Convention.
December 24 . . Signing of the Treaty of Peace.

1815.

January 8 . . . Battle of New Orleans.
January 15 . . . A British Fleet takes the *President*.
February 20 . . . The *Constitution* takes the *Cyane* and the *Levant*.
March 23 The *Hornet* takes the *Penguin*.
June 30 The *Peacock* takes the *Nautilus*.

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THE WAR OF 1812

A BOYS' FORT AND WHAT CAME OF IT

THIS is a true story of war time, although at the time when these events occurred our country was at peace with all nations. The War of 1812 was rapidly approaching, and like the mutterings of a storm before it breaks, the signs that a conflict between the United States and the mother country was at hand were numerous.

The Embargo Act had been passed, but its effect was rather to increase the tension than to allay it, and with every passing day the American people were becoming more angry and less reasonable. Unless speedy relief could be found, it was believed that a war was inevitable.

In no place were the people more aroused than along the borders of the Niagara River. Canada was near, and the business dealings of the men on either shore with their neighbors on the opposite side were sadly interrupted by the new law, and as each nation blamed the other, the relations became more and more strained.

Lewiston at that time was only a straggling little hamlet; but what the settlement lacked in numbers it more than atoned for in patriotism. This feeling very naturally was shared by the boys; and though there was only about a dozen of them all told in the little

village, they felt called upon to make as much noise as if they were a hundred.

Several events which occurred at about this time served to inflame the patriotic feeling in the community. At Fort George, only a few miles distant, the British had stationed their Forty-first Regiment. Whether it was the monotony of the life in the garrison, or the desire on the part of the soldiers to take up land and make for themselves homes in the sparsely settled country adjoining, is not known; but whatever the cause may have been, desertions from the regiment became frequent, and the methods employed by the officers in retaking the men were not approved by their cousins on the "American" side of the river.

At one time a party of twenty British soldiers entered Lewiston in their search for deserters and marched up and down the one little street which comprised the village, entering houses and boldly questioning all the inhabitants concerning the missing redcoats. The Indians were in their employ, and some soon came into the hamlet with two deserters they had taken. The unfortunate men were hastily carried back to Fort George, and the report, which became current soon after, was that each had received five hundred lashes as a punishment for desertion. This still further aroused the anger of the people on the American side, who perhaps were only too ready at that time to listen to rumors concerning the army on the other side of the river.

On another occasion Sergeant McDonald came over to Lewiston with three or four men to search for deserters. But the memory of the reported flogging of the two

soldiers was fresh in the minds of the Lewiston men, and before any one realized what was going on the young sergeant and his companions were arrested. Arrangements were just being completed for taking them to the jail at Batavia, when a party of prominent men came over from Canada, and by their wisdom and good sense soon adjusted what might have made very serious trouble. It was agreed, however, that no more soldiers should be sent to the American side, and that the Indians should not be employed any more to search for deserters.

Not all the people of Lewiston, however, were patriotic. One man, who had secured a large quantity of potash, which was in great demand among the Canadians, was prevented by the Embargo Act from carrying his goods to that market. But in no wise deterred by the law or by patriotic scruples, he waited until one town-meeting day, when the men of Lewiston were assembled in one place, and arranged for some of his friends, who were as eager to purchase as he was to sell, to come across the river and take the potash. The men came, opened his store, and rolled the barrels down to the river; but before their task was completed, unfortunately for them, the town meeting adjourned. The angry citizens ran down to the bank, brought the transaction to a sudden end, and confiscated the remaining barrels of potash.

These happenings, and many more which might be related, served to increase the trouble, and the war sentiment steadily grew stronger along the Niagara.

The boys shared with their elders in the demonstrations. A dozen boys at Lewiston organized themselves into a military company. At the head was young

Alexander Millar, whose father kept the only store in the little village. Doubtless the fact that young Alexander was able to provide the powder for firing the salutes at sunset and sunrise had something to do with his elevated position. Moreover, the lad possessed certain other qualities of leadership. Mounted upon his sorrel pony, Studgel, he rode in advance of his "men," and issued his orders in his broad Scotch dialect. Behind him followed the boys, equipped with shotguns, no two of which were alike. Thus this young military company went through their evolutions to the delight of their sturdy fathers, as well as of themselves.

Of course it is not to be understood that every day was devoted to these duties, for frontier life had other tasks than that of marching up and down the village street to the music of a fife and drum, or following a leader mounted upon a sorrel pony. It was only upon holidays, or after the daily tasks were done, that such privileges were to be had, but it was as true in those days as in the days of Shakespeare, that "when holidays seldom come they wished-for come," and the eager lads never failed to make the most of their opportunities.

There soon came a time, however, when the marching ceased to satisfy the demands of the young patriots, and nothing would do but they must have a regular battery near the river. The suggestion came from the "captain," but the other eleven boys responded as eagerly as if each had been the originator of the project, and soon the battery was erected on the bank. Then they made embrasures for cannon, although where the cannon themselves were to come from was beyond their

power to conceive. However, every demand is said to create its legitimate supply, and when the embrasures were completed, one of the youthful garrison had a happy thought, and the troublesome problem was solved.

Into the woods marched the sturdy band, every one with an ax upon his shoulder in place of the shotgun he had been accustomed to carry. At the word of command, they fell furiously to cutting down the maple trees. Saplings five or six inches in diameter had to receive the brunt of the onslaught, and soon a number of them lay stretched upon the field of battle. These were then cut into pieces about two and a half feet long, and a two-inch auger bored into them. Then on each end a beetle ring was placed, the "cannon" were mounted on blocks of wood, and after receiving a dark stain were put in place on the battery.

For a brief time the defense was considered complete, the blank charges of powder were fired at sunrise and sunset, and the boys cheered and called upon their imaginary enemies to surrender. But it was as true in those days as it has been since, and even before that time, I fancy, that the minds of boys and men are not content to rest with objects attained. Just as the battery had demanded cannon, so the cannon demanded balls. The boys were equal to the emergency. All of them had been at various times in the forts and had seen the piles of balls near the guns. They, too, they determined, would arrange the defenses of their battery after the plan used in the forts. Barrels of clay were brought up from the river, and under the busy hands of the boys were soon rolled into the proper shape,

dried in the sun, and then piled up alongside each gun. As there were ten of these guns, the appearance from the river of each weapon, with its pile of apparently deadly missiles beside it, was quite imposing, and might easily in the dusk have deceived a stranger into believing that a formidable battery, well equipped with cannon and cannon balls, guarded the shore.

The boys had rare sport for a time, but soon that terrible desire of the young Alexander for other worlds to conquer seemed to take possession of the thought and mind of his namesake on the shore of Niagara. As the embrasures had demanded cannon, and the cannon had demanded balls, so now the balls demanded a target. The youthful captain and his warriors wanted to "hit" something. A splash in the river, for on several occasions they had ventured to try the effect of a mud ball in the improvised cannon, was not sufficient. The target must be something definite and tangible. For a long time the problem was too difficult for even the proud rider of Studgel to solve, but at last there came a day which brought them their target,—a day destined to be memorable in the annals of the border. The adventure forms the basis of this story.

It was late in the afternoon. The boys had had a half holiday, and had marched and countermarched, and hurrahed for the Embargo Act, and denounced the press gangs, and cheered for their country, and done various other deeds for which they could not have accounted even to themselves. The day lacked only a grand climax. This came soon and in a manner of which they had not dreamed.

The shadows were lengthening and the guards were

preparing to discharge the sunset gun and return to their homes, where the less soldierly deeds of milking the cows and hunting stray cattle or sheep awaited them. Captain Alexander, still mounted upon the faithful Studgel, was to all appearances as greatly interested in the proceedings of the moment as any of his companions, as he glanced from the gun out over the river. Nevertheless his attention was arrested. Not far away he discovered a British schooner coming up the river under full sail. Her flag was flying, she was a loaded vessel, and to avoid the swifter current farther out in the stream was keeping close in toward the American side. As Alexander glanced at her a sudden inspiration seized him, and turning to his companions, forgetful for the instant of the demands of military etiquette, he shouted:—

“Boys, there comes a schooner under full sail! Let’s give her a salute!”

The boys all looked up at the word of their leader, and steadily watched the on-coming vessel.

“She doesn’t belong to our side,” said one of the boys after a brief silence. “She’s British, you can tell that from her flag. Probably she’s bound for Queenstown, and is only hugging this shore to keep out of the current.”

“British? Of course she’s British, but we can salute her for all that, can’t we?” replied the young leader. “Perhaps she’ll dip her colors for us.”

“Oh, don’t salute her,” called out one of the other boys. “Let’s give her a scare. Let’s tell her she’s got to surrender! Let’s give her a charge!”

In a moment the proposal was caught up by the eager

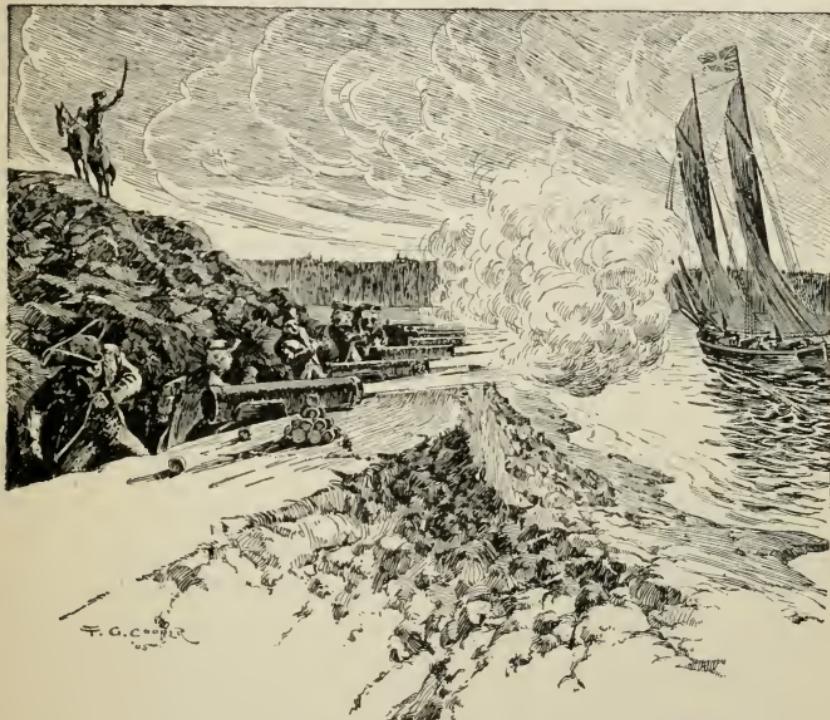
lads. The captain at once resumed his military air of command and assigned his "men" to the guns. As the band was one "man" short that day, and there were ten of the cannon, there was a gunner for each. A charge of powder was measured out, a mud ball was carefully rammed home, the priming was looked to, and then they all stood to wait for the unsuspecting schooner to draw near. Captain Alexander, still mounted on Studgel, took his position a little farther up the bank. As he looked back upon his "men," he saw with satisfaction that each was standing by his gun. Before him was the river, and in the dusk he could see the approaching schooner coming speedily up the stream, apparently all unmindful of her peril.

No one spoke, but the enthusiasm of the boys could not be checked even by the approach of night. It would be great sport to hail the British schooner. Of course she would not pay any attention to them, but at least they would have the fun of calling to her, and the reports of ten guns discharged together, even though they were made only of maple saplings, would be something worth hearing.

On came the schooner, and they could now make out the man at the helm, and could see the men moving about upon her deck. The excitement among the boys was increasing each moment, until young James Barton, unable to endure the strain any longer, turned and spoke to the lad nearest him.

"Silence there in the ranks!" called Captain Alexander, sharply, in a low voice. His command was heeded and not one of the boys spoke again. The

schooner was now almost opposite to them, and her men could be seen gazing curiously at the fortifications along the bank. The moment for action had arrived. Alexander drew the rein tight upon the patient Studgel,



THE REPORTS OF THE WOODEN GUNS RANG OUT.

and turning to the schooner, and waving his sword in the air as he spoke, shouted: —

“Surrender, there! Stop your boat! Heave to! Surrender!”

He waited a moment for a reply to be made, but as apparently no attention was paid to his hail, the youthful soldier shouted again: —

“Surrender, I tell you! Heave your boat to! Stop

her! Surrender, or I'll order my men to fire! Strike your colors!"

Still no attention was given his strange hail. The schooner held steadily to her course and soon was passing "the battery." Instantly Alexander turned to his comrades and with all the seriousness of a veteran leader shouted, "Fire!"

The reports of the ten wooden guns rang out together. It is true two of the cannon were split asunder by the discharge and two more "kicked," so that they fell from their mounts, but no one in the confusion heeded the loss. The eyes of all the boys were upon the schooner. All about her the mud balls were falling, creating a splash in the river greater than any iron missiles could ever have made. The boys were standing ready to unite in a cheer for the vessel which they never dreamed would heed their summons. Suddenly, and to their consternation, the schooner turned about and with all the speed she could summon began to run swiftly down the river. For a moment the boys were almost unable to credit the sight. It did not seem possible that the schooner could have taken seriously what was only meant for a good-natured boyish prank. But she held to her course, and just as she disappeared from sight the boys mustered up sufficient courage to give a faint cheer and then started swiftly for home.

When they arrived at Lewiston their hearts were made somewhat lighter by the indifferent manner in which their report was received by their stern-faced elders. Indeed, it was soon regarded by all as a huge joke, and though the parents pretended to scold the boys

for their foolishness, nevertheless they had many a quiet laugh among themselves over the prank. All were too much moved by the excitement of the times to call things by their proper names.

Three days afterward the same schooner was discovered again making her way up the river, but this time keeping well out in the stream and beyond the range of that terrible battery on the shore.

But the end was not yet. On the fourth day after the "defeat" of the schooner, a deputation of stern-faced officials from the other side made their way across the river and entered the store of Alexander's father. It happened that at the very time of the visit young Alexander and several of his military companions were also in the store, and as they beheld the entrance of the officials, the glory of their recent exploit somehow suddenly departed.

"We have come, sir," said the spokesman, addressing Alexander's father, "to enter our solemn protest against the action of your troops along the river. They fired deliberately and without provocation upon one of our schooners four days ago when she was peaceably making her way up the stream."

"Did they hit her?" inquired Alexander's father, with a suspicious twinkle in his eyes.

"No, sir. Fortunately their aim was bad, but the balls fell about the schooner like hail, sir. Yes, sir, they fell like hail, and we must protest. We don't like your Embargo Act, but we were not trying to violate it; and such reckless firing is likely to lead to serious consequences, for we shall be obliged to retaliate

and that is something neither you nor we desire, I am sure."

"There are the troops that fired on your schooner. We have no soldiers here. These boys made some maple cannon and fired mud balls as a salute. Your schooner ran away from them, that is all," said Alexander's father, as he pointed to the troubled lads.

"What? I don't understand — why —"

"It's just as I tell you."

The dignified officials departed, and what happened to the boys has not been recorded, which perhaps is just as well after all. A few years afterward all of them had a part in the terrible experiences of the war that soon came. Whatever the glory they may have gained, it is safe to affirm that never again did they make a schooner, manned by their cousins across the line, run from mud balls fired from maple cannon. But then, that is not the only instance known when men have withdrawn before they found out just how strong was the enemy.

HOW THE *RANGER* WAS TWICE TAKEN

JUST a little way below the Long Sault Rapids in the St. Lawrence River, there lies an island which, from the time of its settlement, has been known as Barnhart's Island. It is many acres in extent, and its fertile soil was attractive to settlers. To-day there are prosperous farmers to be found upon it, and its fields of waving grain greet the eye of the traveler as he passes its shore on his way to Montreal.

In the early summer of 1812 Barnhart's Island contained almost as many families as it does now. The farmers' boys did not find the life difficult to bear. It is true they were likely to have three months in the winter when they were shut off from their neighbors on the mainland, but that was the time when the island became a little commonwealth in itself. The fox hunts of that autumn, the gray squirrels they had shot, and the fish they had taken from the river furnished topics for conversation on the winter evenings; and the stories grew with the frequent retelling.

On the particular summer day in 1812 with which our story has to do, Barnhart's Island presented a quiet yet busy scene. Its inhabitants were "haying," and this meant many extra duties for all the household. The men were hungry, and the housewives were awake early for the task of feeding them.

At the upper end of the island was one of the best

farms. It was owned by the Taylor family. Five brothers were in this family, all full grown, and known throughout the country round for their strength and skill in athletic games. No one had yet been found who could "throw" the eldest son; and when on one occasion these five brothers, with neighboring lads of their own age, formed a lacrosse team, they beat the Canadian boys at their own game, or rather the game which the Indians had taught the Canadians.

On this day of our story three of the Taylor boys were busy in the hayfield with their father. The oldest son had gone over to Massena to do his duty on general training day. William, the second son, had gone to Ogdensburg, and was expected home every minute. He was to return on the *Ranger*, a little American sloop that carried a crew of six men, and brought letters and provisions for the people dwelling along the river's banks. But there had been several encounters with the British and Canadian forces of late, and there was on this day unusual quiet in the Taylor hayfield. As first one and then another of the boys stopped for a moment in his work to scan the river carefully, he seemed half guilty as he met his brother's anxious look. Each acknowledged to himself an uneasiness he would not admit to the others.

Perhaps this anxiety was the shadow which a coming event is said to cast before it. After a very careful lookout over the river, the youngest son quietly said:—
"There's a boat coming down the rapids."

It was no unusual sight to see a boat come down the rapids, and each of the Taylor boys had made the pas-

sage many times; but now, as if by common consent, they all rested from their labor and together turned their eyes upon the distant boat.

It was a rowboat, a little speck upon the water, coming toward them at the rapid speed of twenty miles an hour. As the boat drew nearer they could see that it had only one occupant, and that he was not satisfied to be carried by the current as was the usual custom in shooting the rapids, but that he was rowing with all his might. As he came through the rapids into the strong currents that sweep on for many miles, they saw that his course seemed to be directed toward the head of Barnhart's Island.

As if by common consent, and without a word, they left their scythes and ran toward the little dock at the head of the island. There they waited for the boat, which they could now see was making for the dock on which they stood.

"It's Ben White, and he's in a hurry, too," said Charley, the youngest of the Taylor boys.

"Yes, he's carrying bad news," said his father; "that always goes at twice as fast a pace as good news."

But Ben White was so near them now that conversation ceased, as they waited for him to come alongside the dock. In a moment Ben had made his boat fast and stood breathing hard, and with his face flushed, beside the brothers.

"Well, Ben, you seemed to be in a hurry," said the father, expressing the question which was in his heart by a look rather than a word.

"I had to hurry," replied Ben, between his labored breaths. "The *Ranger* has been taken."

"The *Ranger* taken!" cried the boys together. "What's become of Will?"

"Oh, he's on board, and he is likely to be there for some time," said Ben. "But he's not hurt any—that is, he wasn't when I saw him last."

"Don't stop, but tell us about it," interrupted the father, quickly.

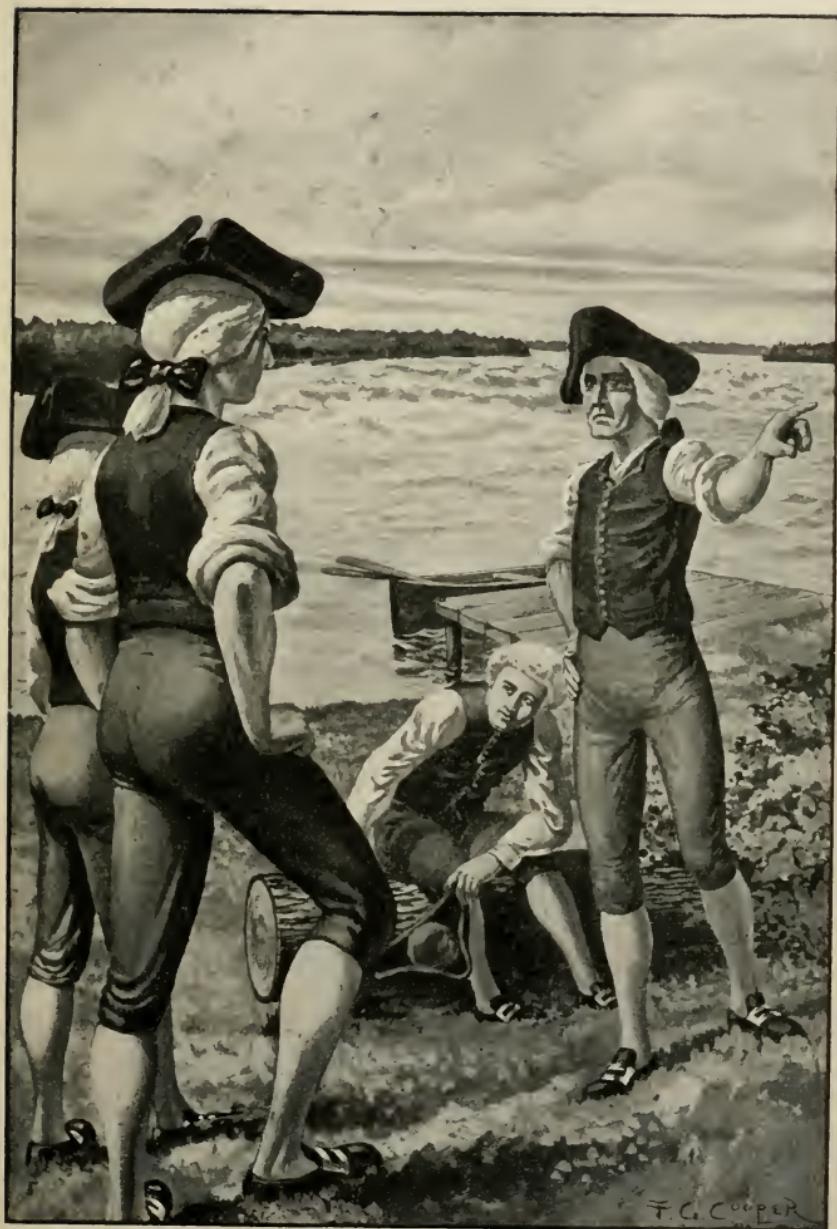
"Well, the way of it was this," replied Ben. "When the *Ranger* put in at Louisville Landing, there was only one man there to help the crew unload, and they had an uncommon lot o' things to leave there. So that delayed them as much as half an hour. They were just ready to put off when they saw a half dozen men coming toward the dock. They motioned for the cap'n to wait, and he wasn't suspicious, so he waited; for he was glad to get half a dozen passengers to carry. They had guns, but he didn't care about that much, for 'most everybody carries one these times. But just as they got down to the dock, all of a sudden one fellow gives a signal, and before the cap'n could say a word, he and his crew were covered by those guns.

"The cap'n was rather surprised like, and he said, 'What does this mean?'

""It means that you are my prisoners, and your boat is my prize.'

""Well, who are you?" said the cap'n; for he saw there wasn't any use in fighting. You see, they just had him and that's all there was to it.

""Well, I'm Corporal Denter, of his Majesty's —th,



"TELL THE NEIGHBORS TO GET THEIR GUNS AND COME HERE."

and these are my men; and I'm going to take you down to Cornwall. You'll save a heap of trouble if you go along peaceably, for it won't do any good to fight, and it might do some harm to some of you,' and the corporal looked pretty sharp at his men as he said this.

"Those seemed to be the cap'n's sentiments, too; and though there isn't, as you know, a braver man along the St. Lawrence River than Cap'n Conkey, he knew 'twould be just murder to allow his men to fight with the odds so much against 'em, so he just laughed and said: 'All right. It's your turn to-day. It may be mine to-morrow.'

"That pleased the corporal, and he laughed, too, and then he said he should be compelled to tie their hands behind their backs for safety. So he kept his five men with their guns pointed at the crew, and he went around and tied the hands of every man behind his back. Will had his hands tied, too, for he was the only passenger.

"Then all at once the corporal says, quick like: 'Who's going to steer this craft through those rapids? I don't know the channels, and I couldn't keep her in them if I did.'

"Cap'n Conkey laughed, and didn't say anything. He only asked the corporal if he'd ever been through the rapids, and the corporal said he hadn't.

"'I've a great mind to let you steer it, or make you,' said the corporal.

"'I'll steer her for you,' said the cap'n. 'I'd a good deal rather go to Cornwall with you than go to the bottom of the St. Lawrence with you; and with you

steering, we'd find the bottom a good deal quicker than we'd find Cornwall.'

"All this time Tom Richards, who had been helping unload, stood on the dock, afraid to leave, and yet not wanting to stay. But as he saw now how the matter was working, he just edged off a little, and then a little more, and pretty soon he just took and ran down the road, as if all the British army was after him. But the men were so busy fixing up that matter of steering that they didn't seem to remember him. At least they didn't follow him; but Tom saw that they were going to let Cap'n Conkey do the steering, and then he turned in at the first house and got a horse and started for Massena. It's general training there to-day, you know, and while he thought he'd be too late to do anything, he thought he'd better go and tell them. He just stopped a half minute at my house to tell me to come on down here and let you people know. Likely enough we can do something here."

All this time Mr. Taylor and his boys had not spoken. Indeed, there was nothing to do but to listen; but as soon as Ben had finished his story, Mr. Taylor turned to his son Charley and said quietly:—

"You go and tell the neighbors to get their guns and come here."

He added no words, and he did not need to, for Charley's quickness of thought and action were well known. Only a few moments had passed before they heard the clatter of the horse's heels as Charley rode swiftly down the road toward his neighbors' homes.

Meanwhile, Mr. Taylor and the boys were busy at

the dock. The guns were brought from the house, and some logs, which it had been hoped might be sent down the river and made into lumber, were now used in erecting a rude fortification on the dock and along the shore. Mr. Taylor knew that the channel made in toward the dock and then ran for quite a long distance near the shore of Barnhart's Island. He had great hope that, if Captain Conkey were the pilot, he would bring the sloop in near the shore and either run it aground or else give an opportunity for action to those on the shore, and thus save the little *Ranger*. His heart beat a little more rapidly when he thought of his own son Will as one of the prisoners, and the thought served to nerve him for still more energetic action.

By the time the arrangement of the logs was completed, a large company had assembled, and, with their guns in hand, were ready for any action the event might demand. Some were for placing a flag upon the logs, and, standing side by side, firing together and calling upon the boat to surrender as it approached. Others thought the better plan was for the men to conceal themselves behind the logs and wait. If they were in sight, they might frighten the captors and make them change the course of the sloop. If they were quiet, the sloop might come nearer, and in that case they certainly could act as well as in the other.

The latter plan was chosen, and chosen the more readily after Charley had added the suggestion that when the sloop appeared in sight he would give his "call" to Will, who would be sure to hear it from the boat. This "call" was the caw of a crow given something after

the manner of the modern Harvard "‘Rah,’" and was as sure to rouse Will as does a "‘Rah” the students on a football field to-day.

The men now lay in silence behind the logs. The rippling of the river rushing past them was the only sound to be heard. The summer sun seemed to become hotter every minute. Yet they waited. Occasionally some one turned his eyes upon Ben White, as if to question whether or not there were any truth in the story he had brought. But Ben’s only reply was a nod of the head, and a very decided contraction of the eyebrows.

Suddenly Charley Taylor, who had seemed never for a moment to take his eyes from the open space between the logs in front of him, gave a little word of warning. He had discovered the sloop just coming around the foot of Long Sault Island. It came as rapidly and as lightly as if it were a part of the foam upon the waters. They all watched in breathless silence. The color on Mr. Taylor’s cheek changed, but his hands gripped his gun with a strength that seemed almost unnatural.

The *Ranger* was in the channel by this time, and was surely coming nearer. On it came, nearer and nearer, and as yet all were silent. Suddenly there was heard the sound of the caw of a crow. The sound was itself wonderfully natural; would the peculiar order in which it was given arouse any suspicion in the boat?

The little *Ranger* sped on still more rapidly. The sound of the crow’s cawing rose again. What would the boat do? It had reached the point where, if it were going down the river to Cornwall, it would have

to turn and skirt the shore. Should the men behind the logs rise now and act? No; they must wait a moment longer. If the boat turned in its course, they would make themselves known. Straight onward, directly toward them, came the *Ranger*. If it kept on a minute longer, it would be aground.

While the minute was passing, a commotion on board the boat arose. Now was the time for the men to show themselves! Together, and with a shout, they sprang to their feet and ran toward the spot on the shore for which the *Ranger* was making. The corporal and his men were brave, and had no intention of losing their prize. They seized their guns, but in every one there was only the dull fall of the hammer. Not a report came. The guns had been wet and rendered useless.

Then, making a virtue of necessity, the corporal, with as good grace as possible, surrendered the *Ranger*, himself, and the men. He smiled slightly as Captain Conkey remarked that his turn had come before to-morrow.

The return of Will Taylor safe and well to his home was a story that was told at many a fireside on winter nights.

While the *Ranger* was passing through the rapids, so terror-stricken were the corporal's men that they untied the hands of Will Taylor and all the prisoners. They thought they might need the help of every man, and besides, it would have been inhuman to leave any one with his hands tied behind him, had the boat capsized. To Will the trip brought no terror, for he was well acquainted with the course. While the soldiers were busy with

their own fears, he had taken the opportunity to dampen the powder in every gun.

As the boat had swept around the foot of Long Sault Island and his own home had come in sight, the sudden cawing of a crow had caught his attention. When the sound was repeated, he had recognized at once his brother's "call." He had noticed the changes in the dock, and although he had no thought that his friends could know of the capture of the *Ranger*, he had whispered to Captain Conkey the fact of his brother's signal. The quick-witted captain had turned the sloop out of its course and had run aground on Barnhart's Island.

Just after the capture was made, the men who had come from the general training at Massena were seen upon the opposite shore, but there was no need of their assistance then.

The corporal and his guard were sent to Ogdensburg, and afterward exchanged; and as for the sloop *Ranger*, it was never taken again, and its captain was no longer known by his former name. Till the day of his death, many years later, he was always called "Commodore Conkey."

THE HEROISM OF WILLIAM CRIST

“Is there a man here who will volunteer? Is there one who is willing to take the risk? If so, let him step forward.”

The commanding officer glanced keenly along the lines before him, but not a man moved from his place. A silence as of death itself rested upon the little band of less than a hundred men. There were faces pallid beneath the dark, tanned cheeks, and furtive glances cast from one to another, but not a man stirred. The risk was too great; the certainty of capture, torture, and death was too apparent. To respond to the officer's appeal would be equivalent to signing one's own death warrant.

It was a day in the early autumn of the year 1812. On the banks of the Maumee River, miles away, the main body of the troops was encamped. Between that spot and the place where the little detachment was, the region was swarming with Indians in war-paint. Pottawottomies, Delawares, Miamis, and others were on the warpath, angered at being driven from their homes by the white men and aroused by the smooth words of false friends. The little detachment of the main body, which had been sent to the frontier to hold in check the restless red men, now found itself cut off from return and in a situation well-nigh desperate.

The silence that followed the appeal of the commanding

officer was unbroken. The men were breathing heavily in their excitement, and no explanations were required to make them aware of the peril that confronted them. The swaying branches of the great trees nodded their approval to the hesitating men; the sunlight that in places penetrated the forest seemed to add to the clearness of the conviction that more was being asked of them than mortal men could be expected to do. Capture, torture, death,—these were words with which familiarity bred no contempt. Their present peril was great, there could be no question as to that; but to respond to their leader's appeal was to run into certain danger. They were not cowards, these hardy pioneer soldiers, but they were not reckless; and to them the appeal which had just been made was appalling.

The officer waited for a response, but as none was made, he began again to speak. "I know the remedy is desperate, but so is the disease. We are surrounded, and we are entirely cut off from help. There are three things we can try. One is to keep together and strive to cut our way through to the Maumee. Another is to break up into small companies and attempt to get through in that manner. The third is for some one to take a horse and start for the main body of our troops. The first is useless, the second hopeless, and the third is deadly perilous; but the third is the best. He *may* get through, and a rescuing party *may* come to our aid. So I repeat what I said before, and ask if there is any one here who will volunteer. If so, let him step forward."

Again silence followed the appeal. The men were looking down now, not one wishing to meet the glance

of his leader or of his comrades. It was too much to expect or to ask, and not a man moved from his place in the lines.

"Captain, I'll try it, if you'll let me take the best horse here." In a flash every eye was lifted, and the men saw William Crist standing respectfully, with his hat in his hand, before the leader. He was not a soldier, only a teamster, and his wagon whip was under his arm now. He was clad in homespun and slight in figure. He was not twenty years of age—boyish in appearance—perhaps the very last one who would have been selected for the perilous ride that had to be made.

The captain, however, saw an expression in the gray eyes of the young teamster which the others could not see. Stepping forward, he grasped Crist's hand, and in a low voice said: "God bless you! God bless you! You are the bravest man here!"

A shout went up from the soldiers, but it was instantly checked as the captain turned to them and said sternly: "Not a word of that! You have need to pray rather than to cheer!" Then, abruptly dismissing the men, he turned to the young teamster and said simply, "Come with me to my tent."

When they were seated in the captain's tent, the officer said, "You realize what this means, do you, Crist?"

"Yes, sir."

"And still you don't draw back?"

"No, sir." The gray eyes flashed, though the words were spoken quietly.

"I have a young horse," said the captain, "that is

full of life, used to the woods, and can distance any pony of the redskins in a race. You shall use him; and, if you succeed, he is yours."

"Thank you, Captain."

Neither of them spoke what was in the mind of each; that the likelihood that either horse or rider would need the other after a few hours had elapsed was slight indeed.

"It is my opinion," resumed the captain, "that you'll find the Indians thickest around us here and then around the camp on the Maumee. In the region between there won't be likely to be so many of them; so your hardest work will come right after you leave us and just before you get to the camp."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any plan?"

"Nothing except that I shall stick to the trail as long as I can. There isn't the sign of a road, and the trail'll help some. If I have to, I'll leave it."

"You'll want a saddle — "

"No, sir. Just give me a belt and a brace of pistols and a musket."

"You shall have them. When do you want to start?"

"That's for you to say, Captain."

"It's too late now, for you mustn't be in the woods over night if you can help it. How would it do for you to start at daylight?"

"Very good, sir."

On the following morning, just as the gray dawn appeared in the east, William Crist, mounted on the best horse the detachment afforded and equipped as he had requested, prepared to set forth on his ride for life —

or was it to be a ride for death? No one among the hardy soldiers who had assembled to see him depart expressed the answer to this question, although in his heart every one thought he knew it. There were tears on the bronzed faces of the soldiers when the captain grasped for a moment the hand of the young teamster. After he had returned the pressure for an instant and given one momentary glance at the camp, William Crist patted his horse on the neck, spoke quietly to him, mounted, rode away, and was quickly lost to sight in the great forest.

Cautiously and carefully Crist moved forward on his way. Not a road had been made; there was only the indistinct Indian trail for him to follow. All about him lay the dense forest with its shadows and its perils. Every tree might be a hiding place of a treacherous foe; every bush might conceal a painted savage.

The horse he was riding had been thoroughly trained for its work, and the intelligent animal seemed almost aware of what was required. At a word from his rider he would stand motionless. Then, as the low-whispered word was given, he would dart swiftly forward, leaping over the fallen timbers with the lightness of a deer. In this manner young Crist advanced, alternately stopping to listen intently as he peered keenly into the pathless forest, and then again moving swiftly forward on his way. But, when he had proceeded over what he estimated to be at least five miles, and had not obtained a glimpse of the surrounding enemy, his heart became lighter. He realized that the first of his perils had been safely passed. The greater danger, however, was still

to be met when he should come near to the camp of the main body on the banks of the Maumee. For a time, as he passed through the intervening region, he did not fear an attack. At this thought he urged his horse forward at an increasing speed, holding him well in hand in readiness for any emergency that might arise.



INSTANTLY HE URGED HIS HORSE INTO THE FOREST.

The September sun climbed higher in the heavens, and the heat of the day increased. It was the hour of noon, and, as he gained the summit of a little knoll, William Crist decided that he would make a brief halt to give both himself and his horse a much-needed rest. He could see for some distance before him on the trail, and in the security of that fact he was preparing to dismount, when suddenly he perceived approaching and not far off a band of Indian braves. In the one quick

glance he gave he could see the hideous stripes and splashes of red and yellow on the faces, which indicated only too clearly the purpose for which the warriors were coming.

Whether or not he had been seen he did not know, but instantly he turned aside from the trail, and urged his horse into the forest. The Indians whom he had seen were mounted and armed; and he was aware that, if his presence were known, a ride for life must follow.

Over the logs, through the tangled brush, among the giant trees, the trusted animal rapidly moved. The sound of his footfalls was all that could be heard, until suddenly there was a yell behind him that showed only too plainly that the red men had discovered the fresh footprints in the trail, and had turned in pursuit of the unknown rider.

The time for caution was gone now, and William Crist desperately urged his horse into his swiftest paces. On and on, leaping over the fallen trees, almost heedless of his direction, the young teamster rode, hoping that the superior speed and strength of the animal he was riding would at least enable him to distance his pursuers. He might lose his way, but better to lose that than his life at the hands of the merciless braves.

But not many moments had elapsed when his ears were saluted by an exultant whoop, and he heard a musket ball "sing" uncomfortably close to his head.

Instantly changing the direction in which he was moving, young Crist headed back toward the trail, hoping to gain it at a point in advance of the place where the Indians had abandoned it. In that clearer pathway

his horse might be able to make the speed he could not make in the tangled brush of the forest. His body was trembling, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he patted the neck of his horse, and urged him into a still swifter pace.

The faithful beast responded; but a groan escaped the young teamster's lips when, as he drew near the trail, his ears were again saluted by the blood-curdling whoop, and he realized that the savages had guarded against the very attempt he was making by stationing some of their number along the trail to thwart his scheme.

The shots increased, and the cries became fiercer as young Crist quickly changed his direction and again darted into the forest. His sole hope now lay in the endurance and speed of his horse. In that thought he urged the dripping beast into a still faster pace. The largest of the fallen logs presented no barrier, for the horse vaulted them all. The young rider leaned forward and, lying low, clasped his arms about the neck of the faithful animal. On and on they sped; but swift as was their pace, that of the pursuing Indians seemed to be swifter. The cries could still be heard, and every fresh whoop sounded like a knell in the ears of the desperate rider. He came to the border of a broad brook, and without hesitating a moment caused his horse to leap it, hoping at the same time that the ponies of his pursuers would hesitate to follow, and thereby enable him to gain upon them. But in a brief time the cries redoubled, and he was aware that the chase was even keener than before.

He came out into a little opening, and as his horse

bounded across it, the shots rang out. Young Crist felt a stinging, burning sensation, and his left arm was hanging useless. But there was no faltering. The terrible pace was maintained; the race for life was neither checked nor abandoned.

On and still on fled pursued and pursuers. Again the shots rang out, and again the young teamster was aware that he had been wounded, but where he could not determine. All his strength was required now to keep his heaving horse in motion and himself upon its back. The war cries were apparently all about him, but he seemed to be only partly aware of their terrible sounds. More shots were heard, but they were as nothing to the roaring in his ears. On and on he must go. Life and safety for himself and for the friends whom he had left in the early dawn depended upon his efforts. There must be no faltering at the last. The race for life must be won.

It was a little past two o'clock when the outermost pickets of the camp on the banks of the Maumee were startled by the appearance from the woods of a horse, wet as if he had been dipped in the Maumee itself, and staggering beneath the load of a wild-eyed, blood-stained young teamster. At their very feet the horse stumbled and fell, and the rider pitched headlong upon the ground, where he lay motionless and silent. The startling sight was quickly followed by another, — a band of mounted Indians appeared for a moment upon the borders of the forest, and then, with one discharge of their muskets and one fierce and prolonged cry, suddenly wheeled and disappeared within the forest from which for the moment they had so unexpectedly emerged.

The meaning of it all was instantly clear to the pioneer soldiers, and rough but tender hands were soon ministering to the wants of the fallen teamster. He recovered sufficiently to tell them of the peril of his friends, and then lapsed into unconsciousness again.

Three weeks passed before he was told of the speedy departure of three hundred men from the camp on the Maumee and the rescue of the little detachment from its peril.

“And my horse?” inquired Crist, with a smile.

“Dead,” responded the captain, quietly.

The iron nerves and lion heart of William Crist doubtless aided much in the recovery of the young hero; for recover he did, and for many years was a well-known man in the middle West. The story of his heroism, however, has almost been forgotten. The story is true, and has its lesson for young men and maids who in other days and ways are called upon to face in this same spirit the difficult problems of life. Those problems in varying form always have presented themselves, and doubtless always will present themselves.

AN OLD SONG

This song was very popular in the time of the war and was sung in the camp, on shipboard, and in the home. The author of the words was Silas Ballou of Richmond, New Hampshire.

OLD England forty years ago,
When we were young and slender,
She aimed at us a mortal blow,
But God was our defender.

Jehovah saw the horrid plan,
Great Washington He gave us,
His holiness inspired the man
With power and skill to save us.

She sent her fleets and armies o'er
To ravage, kill, and plunder;
Our heroes met them on the shore,
And beat them back with thunder.

Our independence they confess'd
And with their hands they signed it;
But on their hearts 'twas ne'er impressed;
For there I ne'er could find it.

Ever since that time they have been still
Our liberties invading,
We bore it, and forebore until
Forbearance was degrading.

Regardless of the sailors' right,
Impressed our native seamen,
Made them against their country fight,
And thus enslaved our freemen.

Great Madison besought the foe,
He mildly did implore them
To let the suffering captives go,
But they would not restore them.

Our commerce, too, they did invade,
Our ships they searched and seized,
Declarling also we should trade
With none but whom they pleased.

Thus Madison in thunder spake:
“We've power and we must use it;
Our freedom surely lies at stake,
And we must fight or lose it.

“We'll make old England's children know
We are the brave descendants
Of those who flogged their fathers so
And gained our independence.”

Our soldiers and our seamen, too,
Were put in warlike motion;
Straight to the field our soldiers flew,
Our seamen to the ocean.

They met their foes on tow'ring waves
With courage, skill, and splendor;

They sunk them down to watery graves,
Or forced them to surrender.

Decatur, Hull, and Bainbridge dear
Did wonders in our navy,
Brave Captain Hull sunk the *Guerrière*,
And Bainbridge sunk the *Java*.

Decatur took a ship of fame
High on the waving water,
The *Macedonian* was her name,
And home in triumph brought her.

Perry with flags and sails unfurld
Met Barclay on Lake Erie;
At him his matchless thunders hurl'd
Till Barclay grew quite weary.

He gained the victory and renown;
He worked him up so neatly
He brought old England's banners down,
And swept the lake completely.

Proud Downie fell on Lake Champlain,
By fortune quite forsaken,
He was by bold Macdonough slain,
And all his fleet were taken.

Whene'er they met Columbia's sons
On lakes or larger waters,
They sunk beneath the thundering guns
Or humbly cry'd for quarters.

When Prevost saw he'd lost his fleet,
 He gave out special orders
For his whole army to retreat
 And leave the Yankee borders.

Through dreary wilds o'er bog and fen
 This luckless general blundered.

He fled with fifteen thousand men,
 From Macomb's fifteen hundred,

* * * * *

Let General Hull be counted null,
 And let him not be named
Upon the rolls of valiant souls;
 Of him we are ashamed.

For his campaign was worse than vain,
 A coward and a traitor;
For petty gold his army sold
 To Brock, the speculator.

When Proctor found brave Harrison
 Had landed on his region,
Away the tim'rous creature ran
 With all his savage legion.

But overtaken were and most
 Of them were killed and taken,
But Proctor soon forsook his post,
 And fled to save his bacon.

At Little York beneath the guns
 Of Chauncey, Dearborn landed,

And quickly made old England's sons
Resign what he demanded.

From George's fort to Erie's beach
Our savage foes were beaten;
Their naked bones were left to bleach
When wolves their flesh had eaten.

How often Brown made Drummond fly
From scenes of desolation;
The terror of his noble eye
Struck him with consternation.

Brave Miller, Ripley, Gaines, and Scott,
At Erie and Bridgewater,
At Chippewa in battles hot,
Their bravest foes did slaughter.

At Washington their horrid crimes
Must tarnish British glory;
Children must blush in future times
To read the shameful story.

They burnt the volumes which comprised
The best of information;
Their barb'rous deeds will be despised
By ev'ry Christian nation.

At Baltimore a deadly blow
The sons of mischief aimed;
The sons of freedom met their foe
And victory justly claimed.

Amidst their ranks our thunder burst ;
Many were killed and wounded ;
Their chief commander bit the dust,
And all their schemes confounded.

What wonders did brave Jackson do,
When aided by kind heaven ?
Their leader and four thousand slew,
And lost but only seven.

The destroying angel's hand
Proved their mad delusion ;
Weary and worn their broken band
Scattered in sad confusion.

They passed through numerous trying scenes,
In most of them defeated ;
Their grand defeat at New Orleans
The bloody scene completed.

Soon after this sweet peace arrived,
Our armies were disbanded,
Our scattered foes who had survived
The war were home commanded.

What has our infant country gained
By fighting that old nation ?
Our liberties we have maintained,
And raised our reputation.

We've gained the freedom of the seas,
Our seamen are released ;

Our mariners trade where'er they please;
Impressments, too, have ceased.

Now in ourselves we can confide,
Abroad we are respected;
We've checked the rage of British pride.
Their haughtiness corrected.

First to the God of boundless power
Be thanks of adoration;
Next Madison, the wondrous flower,
And jewel of our nation.

Next Congress does our thanks demand,
To them our thanks we tender;
Our heroes next by sea and land,
To them our thanks we render.

Let us be just, in union live;
Then who will dare invade us?
If any should, our God will give
His angels charge to aid us.

THE EXPLOIT OF THE YANKEE

JOHN MALTBY was elated. The fact that it was the Fourth of July of the year 1813 would not account for the satisfied air with which he walked by his mother's side as they returned that day from the preaching of Dominie Van Pelt, near the old city of New York. In the preceding week he had celebrated his twenty-first birthday, and now he was rejoicing that he was a man, or had "come of age," as his father expressed it. That event had been honored by the present of a half ownership in the stanch smack *Yankee*.

John had already twice sailed in her to the Banks, but then he had been merely one of the crew. Now he was to go as joint owner with his father. Only the day previous, however, he had seen the British frigate *Poitiers* and her swift tender, the sloop *Eagle*, as they cruised on and off near the Sandy Hook lighthouse, and he was fearful he could not run the blockade.

After dinner John, with his younger brother Isaac, walked down to the shore where the *Yankee* lay at anchor. Satisfied that all was safe on board, they returned by the lane that led to their quaint old home.

"If this blockade isn't raised pretty soon," said Isaac, "you won't make a trip in the *Yankee* till I'm the owner of the other half, for father said when I came of age I should have that myself."

"Nonsense," replied John. "The British talk of blockading all our ports, but there aren't boats enough in

the English navy for that. They'll have to keep a ship in every cove from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. Besides, Commodore Lewis has a flotilla of gunboats in Mosquito Cove, and they'll be heard from before long."

"There's somebody talking with father on the piazza," said Isaac, suddenly, as they approached the house. "John, do you see who it is? Why, it's Commodore Lewis himself."

Their father had now caught sight of them and was beckoning them to hasten.

"John," he said, "Commodore Lewis wants to borrow the *Yankee* to-morrow. I'm willing to let him take my half. How about yours?"

"Yes," said the commodore, noting John's hesitation, "I understand she's one of the best smacks around New York. I shall want you to go, too."

"Where?" inquired John.

"The plan is just this: I want to capture the *Eagle*. Doubtless you know her," and as John nodded his head, he continued, "I want to stow the *Yankee* full of men and start for the Hook. The *Eagle* probably will take after her, and then there'll be a skirmish; but if you'll go to handle the boat, my men will look after their part."

"You can have her, and I'll go."

"I want to go, too," interposed Isaac.

"No!" said his father, sharply. "One boy at a time is enough."

"But John isn't a boy; he's a man now. If one boy's enough, I'd like to be the one."

John's face flushed, and his father smiled. But Isaac

could not go. That was settled. The Commodore departed, promising that his men and Lieutenant Percival would be on hand early the next morning.

About sunrise thirty-five of them, led by the young lieutenant, filed into the yard. And what had they with them? John could scarcely trust his own eyes. One was leading a calf, another a sheep, while a third was trying to hold a goose in his arms.

The men at once started for the place where the *Yankee* lay at anchor. Arrived there, Lieutenant Percival arranged his men in a manner that increased John's wonder. All but one were secreted in the cabin and fore peak, each man having two muskets. The lieutenant, John, and one of the men remained on deck. The leader then produced some suits of clothing such as ordinary fishermen wear, and at his bidding all three clothed themselves in them.

"They'll take us for fishermen," said the lieutenant in explanation. "Now tie your live stock to the rail, and we're ready to start. I want you to take the tiller," he added to John.

The moment the *Yankee* was in motion the live stock began to protest, and a strange mingling of sounds was carried over the water. "That's all right," laughed the leader, noting the look of consternation on John's face. "Don't you be alarmed."

The smack was now sailing swiftly down the narrows, and there was little time for idle thoughts. The wind was with them, and the *Yankee* was doing nobly.

"'Lawrence' is the watchword," said the lieutenant,

as they started for the open sea. "When you hear that, you'll see some fun."

"There's the *Eagle* now," said John. "The 'fun' is likely to begin pretty soon."

"Where? Where?" inquired the lieutenant, eagerly, looking in the direction in which John pointed.

Yes, there she was under full sail and rapidly bearing down upon them! The wind, too, had begun to fail, and the *Yankee* was not behaving as her skipper desired her to.

"That's good," said the lieutenant, noting the falling off of the smack. "She'll soon overhaul this tub, and that's just what I came for."

The tender evidently liked the light wind, and was swiftly approaching. Already John could see her crew. He counted twelve men standing by the rail curiously observing the *Yankee*. In her bow was a great thirty-two-pound brass howitzer, which gleamed like burnished gold in the sunlight. Five miles away the *Poictiers*, like a great bird, was resting on the water, with only one or two sails spread. Had he been able, John would soon have taken his smack out of the range of that brass howitzer; but the lieutenant evidently was delighted at the prospect, and John could not make out the meaning of it at all. Was the lieutenant a traitor, and did he intend to turn them over to the *Eagle*?

His reflections were interrupted as the hostile craft drew nearer, and soon she was almost alongside. What a beautiful sloop she was, and how well kept and handled!

"Who are you and what's your cargo?" called Master-mate Morris from the *Eagle*.

"Can't you see?" gruffly replied the lieutenant.

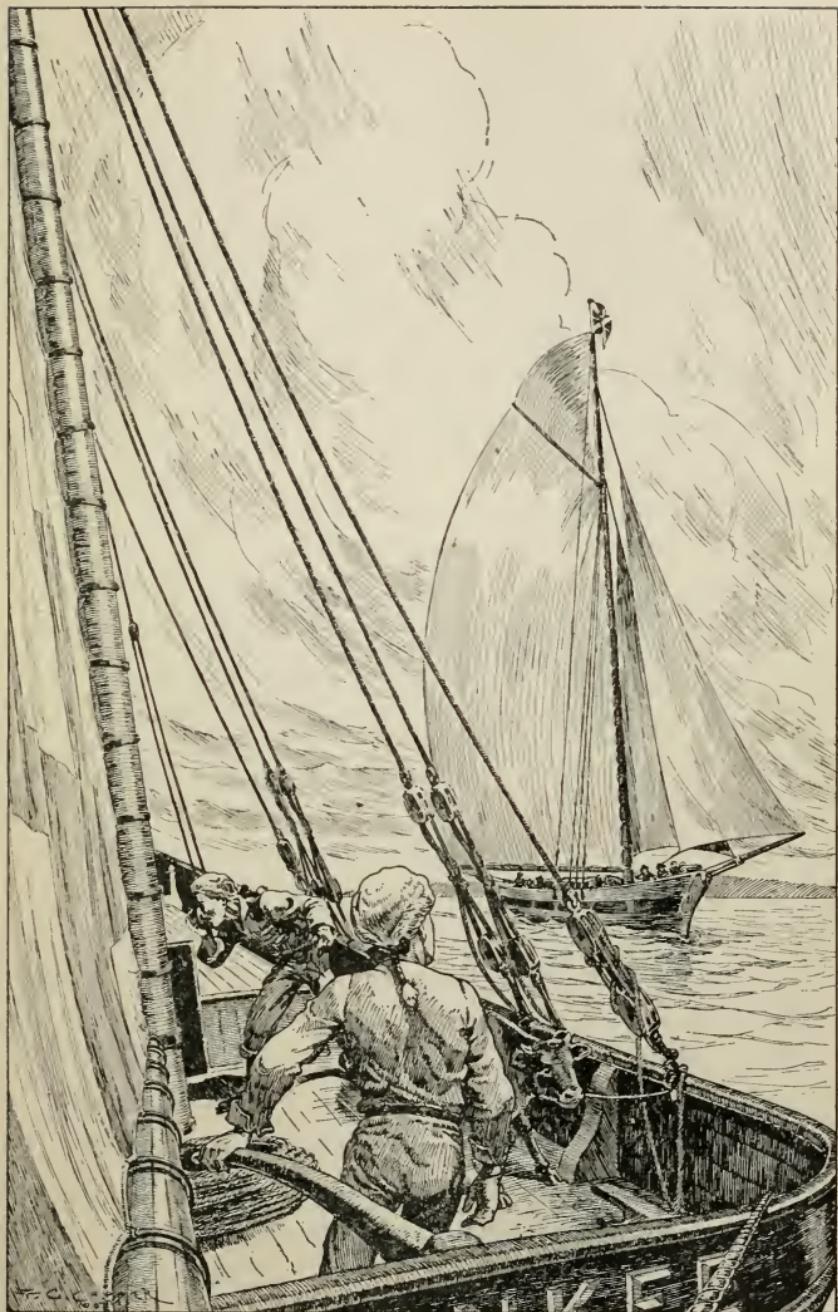
"Ho! a crew of Yankee fishermen bound for the Banks, I fancy. And live stock on board, too! Well, the *Poictiers* wants that live stock, and may find some use even for such mullet-headed fishermen as you. You change your course and report to her."

Lieutenant Percival turned as if to obey, and John's heart sank. His smack would be lost, and he would be a prisoner. Why had he come? Commodore Lewis ought to have known that such a young fellow as Percival could do nothing. The crew of the *Eagle* were laughing and imitating the calls of the frightened animals on board. They were not afraid of their leader, that was evident.

Suddenly John's bitter thoughts were interrupted. The lieutenant, instead of grasping the tiller, had turned and was facing the cabin door. "Lawrence! Lawrence!" came in a quick shout; and almost before the laughing British sailors could turn, the men burst forth from the fore peak and the cabin. The look of astonishment had not gone when the report of their muskets rang out. Four of the *Eagle*'s crew fell to the deck. Would the others fight?

"Board 'em, men! Board 'em," shouted Master-mate Morris. "Use your guns and cutlasses! Cut 'em down!"

John understood now why the second musket had been provided for each man. Without waiting to reload they threw away their empty guns and reached for the



“LAWRENCE! LAWRENCE!” CAME IN A QUICK SHOUT.

others. That was enough. Unmindful of the mate's commands the crew of the *Eagle* made for the hold, almost stumbling over one another in their eagerness, Master-mate Morris among them. In a moment the only men left on the deck were the wounded and dead.

"That's the way to celebrate the Fourth," shouted Percival a moment later. "We've got 'em. Shall we sink 'em or tow 'em into the harbor?"

"Look there!" said John, touching the lieutenant's arm, and pointing to a white face peering from the *Eagle*'s hold.

"Don't shoot!" called the man, beseechingly. "Don't shoot! We'll strike our colors."

"Strike them, then," replied the lieutenant, and he watched the man while he lowered the *Eagle*'s colors from the masthead. "Now, you keep below, and I'll man the *Eagle* myself!" A few minutes later the *Yankee*, accompanied by the captured *Eagle*, started on her return.

When they came up the harbor they saw a crowd of several thousand assembled at the Battery. The appearance of the smack and her prize sent the multitude almost mad with delight, and their shouts and cries filled the air. The crowd ran rapidly to the dock at Whitehall where the *Yankee* landed. The young lieutenant and John Maltby were lifted on the shoulders of some of the sturdy enthusiasts. A procession was formed, and the excited throng marched about the streets to the music of the fife and drum and the sound of guns and anvils.

A NIGHT ATTACK AND HOW IT WAS THWARTED

"I'LL never make it. I'll never make it."

Young Lewis Ramsay, a boy of sixteen, had been rowing desperately over the waters of Lake Ontario,



"IT'S A GOOD THREE MILES YET, AND I'LL NEVER MAKE IT," HE
GROANED.

not far from the garrison at Sackett's Harbor. It was early in the evening of the 3d of July, 1813. The wind, which had been blowing steadily all the afternoon, had died away at sunset, and almost like glass the surface of the lake spread out before him.

Lewis had been rowing hard for an hour now, and had stopped for a moment to rest his aching arms, and to try to estimate the distance that yet remained between him and the harbor. "It's a good three miles yet, and I'll never make it," he groaned as he again took up his oars; but he began to row with a desperation that seemed to belie his words.

He was a sturdy lad, and many of his days that summer had been spent on the lake in the rude skiff he had fitted out with a small leg-of-mutton sail. On this breathless night, however, he could rely only upon his oars, by which with long and steady strokes he drove his skiff onward. A great fear was in his heart. Just at sunset he had witnessed a sight which had caused the color to leave his sunburnt face, and his heart to beat as it had never done before. He knew that the issues of life and death depended upon him now, and he did not relax his efforts.

Soon the dim outlines of the high bluffs became distinct, and at last he gained the shore. He hastily drew his skiff up on the beach, and then, his face dripping with perspiration, and his body aching so that he could hardly stand, he started as swiftly as he could go toward the quarters of Commodore Chauncey.

Lewis well knew where these were. He had spent many hours in the garrison, and one of his greatest pleasures had been to clamber over the great frigate, the *General Pike*, which was now almost ready to put to sea. He knew just where the *Fair American*, and the *Duke of Gloucester*, and the *Pert*, and all the other vessels of Chauncey's fleet, lay at anchor. In-

deed, when the British force had been landed at Sackett's Harbor a few weeks before this time, and had compelled the burning of the stores there, which were valued at half a million dollars, Lewis had worked with the men in striving to check the progress of the flames. When at last the enemy had fled, as alarmed by the movements of the Americans as the Americans had been by theirs, they had presented the novel sight of two armies running from each other.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

It was the guard who stopped Lewis now. The panting boy advanced cautiously, and after whispering a word in his ear, said, "I must see the commodore right away."

"See the commodore, is it?" laughed the guard. "He'll be likely to see such a youngster as you this time o' night, when boys of your age ought to be in bed."

But Lewis stepped up to the side of the guard and spoke a few quick words in a low tone. The soldier could not conceal his alarm as he listened, and said hastily: "Go right ahead! The commodore will listen to you this time — no doubt of that. Hold on, though! He has rooms on shore now. Do you know where they are?"

"I know, I know," cried Lewis, as he darted swiftly down the street and soon disappeared from the sight of the guard, who resumed his beat with many a shake of his head and low muttering to himself.

Lewis ran on until he came to the house in which he knew Commodore Chauncey had his rooms. He was compelled to repeat his summons on the heavy iron knocker several times. The door was at last opened

by a woman, who held a candle in her hands and gazed curiously at him, evidently wondering why she should be disturbed at such an hour.

"Mrs. Fox, I must see Commodore Chauncey right away! Right away, I tell you!" he added impatiently, as he saw her hesitate.

"Massy me! If it isn't Lewis Ramsay. What's the matter now? Is your ma sick?"

"No, my ma isn't sick," replied Lewis, angrily. "I tell you I must see the commodore this minute. Don't keep me waiting here. Tell him I must see him."

"The commodore isn't feelin' very good to-night, and I don't believe he'd see you, Lewis," replied Mrs. Fox, still hesitating.

"Yes, he will. I know he will. Go right up to his rooms and tell him he must see me. It's a matter of life and death."

"Well, I'll see," said the woman. "Come in. I'm afraid he's in bed, but I'll go rap on his door as ye seem so set on it."

Lewis waited at the foot of the stairway, and in a few minutes Mrs. Fox returned and said, "The commodore says he's in bed and you'd better wait till mornin'."

"I can't wait till morning. I must see him this minute!"

"Well, he said if ye wouldn't be put off nohow, to let ye come up. I'll hold the light for ye."

Lewis ran hastily up the stairs, and was admitted into the room. A candle burning on the table served to show how pale the officer's face was as he lay on his bed. When Lewis saw the sick man before him, and realized

the high position he held, the boy was confused, and could hardly collect his thoughts.

“Well, my boy,” said the commodore, kindly, “what brings you here?”

“Commodore Chauncey,” said Lewis, his courage returning at the kindly welcome, “I was out on Point Peninsula this afternoon. I’d landed and drawn my boat up on the inner shore and walked round the Point till I could see way out on the lake. There I saw a little schooner which at first I thought was the *Lady of the Lake*, but pretty soon I saw it wasn’t. She was a British gunboat, Commodore, and I’d just made up my mind to that, when she came about, and the first thing I knew, three gigs put out from her and started for the shore.”

Lewis stopped a moment, thrown into confusion by the manner of the commodore, who quickly sat up in bed and was giving him a look that seemed to pierce him through and through.

“Go on,” said the commodore, sharply.

“Well,” resumed Lewis, “I thought I’d run at first. But there were six men aboard each gig, and I didn’t dare to run for fear I’d be seen, so I climbed up a tree and kept watching the boats. They came straight for the place where I was, and I didn’t know but that they were after me, especially when the men drew up the gigs and sat down on the ground right under the tree which I’d climbed. Commodore Chauncey, those men are coming here to-night to set fire to the *Pike* and burn up the stores if they can.”

The commodore, leaping quickly out of the bed, rang

the bell for his attendant, and while he was dressing plied Lewis with many searching questions.

"Send Lieutenant Martin to me immediately," said the officer to his servant as he entered the room. "You know what 'immediately' means, don't you?"

In a few minutes Lieutenant Martin entered the room, and the commodore had related Lewis's story.

"If the young rascal has told the truth, we've no time to lose," replied the lieutenant. "What time did you say they would start?"

"Ten o'clock," replied Lewis, shortly. He did not relish the epithet the young officer had applied to him.

"You'll take him with you. He'll be of service in showing the way," said the commodore, pointing to Lewis. "He has told the truth, of that I am certain."

The proposed addition to the party was more than Lewis had expected or desired, but he followed obediently as the lieutenant hurriedly left to carry out the commodore's orders. The guards on all the vessels were increased. These would ward off the danger to the fleet. Six gigs were fitted with men, and at quarter past ten o'clock they started, Lieutenant Martin's gig, in which Lewis was seated near that officer, leading the way. The plan for the gigs was, if they did not fall in with the gigs of the enemy, to lie in wait near the entrance to the harbor, and cut off the plotters when they should attempt to return.

Lewis knew that the young officer did not more than half believe his story, and when they were some distance out from the harbor he was not surprised that the lieu-

tenant said to him in a low voice, "You were up a tree, were you, when the men came ashore?"

"Yes."

"And they sat down right under the tree, did they?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, how in the name of common sense did you ever get away to bring word without being seen by them? That's what I can't understand."

"The commodore asked me the same question. I told him. I'll tell you, too, since you want to know. About sunset the men went off into the woods and left only one man on guard by the boats. I watched, and when his back was turned, I dropped, dodged from tree to tree, and finally got to my skiff."

"Ah!" whispered the lieutenant, only partly satisfied. "If you've played a Fourth-of-July prank on us, we'll string you up on the yardarm."

Lewis made no reply, yet his fears were not allayed. Suppose the British sailors had changed their plans, or had abandoned the attempt. He peered eagerly through the darkness, trying to detect the presence of the enemy's gigs. The Yankee sailors were rowing steadily, but as their oars were muffled the sound could hardly be heard. The silence grew almost unbearable. Lewis felt as if he must cry out, the strain was becoming so great. On and on moved the gigs, the men all feeling the increasing excitement and yet working with the precision of clockwork.

Suddenly Lewis touched the lieutenant on the arm. He thought he heard the sound of oars in the distance. A whispered word to the men made them rest on their

oars, and the lieutenant stood up, listening and peering before him through the darkness. Yes, they heard the regular dip of the blades; evidently a boat was approaching, not far away. The men were scarcely breathing, and the suspense was intense. Then through the darkness glimmered the outlines of a gig about the size of their own; the men in it were rowing slowly, and evidently the presence of Lieutenant Martin's gigs had not been discovered.

"Ahoy there! What boat is that?" called the lieutenant.

There was a smothered exclamation from the strange gig, a quick word of command given, and before the young officer could repeat his hail, boat and crew had disappeared in the darkness.

The quick call of the lieutenant followed, and as soon as his own gigs had gathered about him, he gave them directions to spread out and make for the mouth of the harbor. Then followed a race in the darkness. Sometimes the British gig would be seen faintly for a moment; but while the lieutenant was hesitating about giving the word to fire, for fear of hitting his companions in the other boats, it would again disappear. Hour after hour the strange chase was kept up, the pursuing gigs being drawn now in one direction, now in another by some shout or call.

At last, just as the gray of the dawn began to appear, the Yankee gigs found themselves huddled together at the mouth of the harbor. A breeze had arisen, and Lewis peered eagerly about him as the light became stronger.

"Look there, Lieutenant!" said Lewis, quickly, pointing toward the open lake.

A schooner with all her sails set could be seen far out over the water, speeding away before the freshening breeze.

"The game's up," said the lieutenant, shortly. "We'll go back to the harbor." And slowly back to Sackett's Harbor moved the little procession of six gigs.

"My boy," said Lieutenant Martin when they had landed, taking Lewis by the hand, "you've had the greatest Fourth-of-July celebration you'll ever have in your life. We didn't catch the rascals, but you kept them from firing the *Pike* and the stores; and that's better than all the anvils and rockets and cannon in the land."

Lewis Ramsay agreed with him heartily, especially when he started for home with a silver-mounted pistol in his possession given him by the lieutenant, and a large gold piece in his pocket, the gift of Commodore Chauncey, — gifts which his children's children hold and cherish to this day as reliques of the most memorable Fourth of July in the life of their great-grandfather.



SACKETT'S HARBOR.

THE *BLACK SNAKE*

AT the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, not far from the place where the majestic St. Lawrence begins, there lies a little village which has played an important and yet almost forgotten part in the history of our nation.

This little village, Sackett's Harbor by name, has changed but little since the beginning of the century. Even the barracks are standing just as they were built soon after the War of 1812, and although the government has recently completed some more modern ones for our soldiers, the new have not displaced the old. The visitor can almost imagine that he will see Chauncey's fleet riding at anchor within the beautiful harbor,

or that, if he looks down the hill, the stalwart forms of Jacob Brown or Winfield Scott will come walking up the quaint old street.

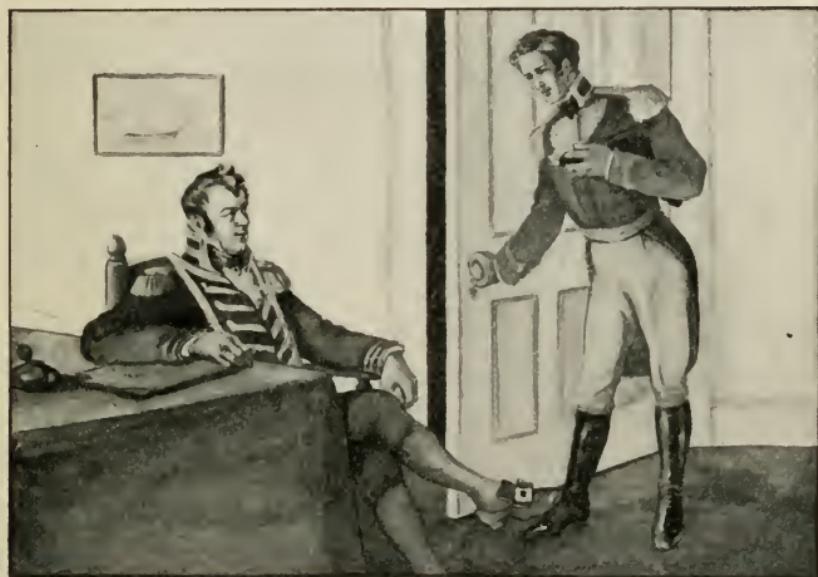
At the time when this story opens, the war had been going on for two years. Thus far the success of the Americans had not been marked.

Chauncey's fleet had been blockaded by that of Sir James Yeo, and although the blockade had just been raised, the American commodore was not ready to put to sea. The *Mohawk*, built in only thirty-four days, had been launched on the 11th of June. But she and some of the other vessels were not equipped, and the heart of Commodore Chauncey was chafing. Troubles pressed upon him, and not the least of these was the fact that the "peace men," the Tories of the War of 1812, were crying out at the lack of action by the commodore of the Lake Ontario fleet. Only a part of the reinforcements that had been promised had yet arrived. Hardest of all to bear was that his own men were now beginning to complain of their enforced idleness.

On this particular morning, in the middle of June, 1814, the commander was standing on the dock watching Bill Johnson as he sailed out of the harbor. This same "Bill" was a well-known guerrilla or pirate, who with his followers held a strong position among the Thousand Islands — too strong to be broken up by the forces at Sackett's Harbor. Johnson had dealings with whichever one of the opposing sides could be of the greatest advantage to him. Just now he was apparently favoring the Americans.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" said the commodore to him-

self, as Bill disappeared around the point. "He says the British are sending a continual stream of transports up the St. Lawrence. It is true that they have gunboats stationed every four miles on the river, and a system of signals arranged on the heights, but Lieutenant Gregory will be shrewd enough for them; and if we can manage



AS THE COMMANDING OFFICER WATCHED THE EAGER EXPRESSION UPON HIS HEARER'S FACE, HE FELT HIS OWN HOPES RAPIDLY RISING.

to cut off part of their supplies, it will divert the attention of some of our men who are grumbling at the delay. I don't blame the men; I feel like grumbling myself."

The result of the commodore's meditation was a long interview with Lieutenant Gregory. As the commanding officer watched the eager expression upon his hearer's face, he felt his own hopes rapidly rising. Francis H.

Gregory was not more than twenty-five years of age, small in stature and slight of frame. And yet there was something in his bearing that at once inspired confidence. The pleasing expression of his face made men his friends. In later times, when he was a prisoner in England, the English ladies named him "the vivacious little Yankee." He had been in the service since he was thirteen years old, and had won the unbounded confidence of Perry, under whom he had served in the *Revenge*.

"Bill Dixon and Vaughan will go with you," said the commodore as the interview ended. "Bill Dixon, you know, you can depend upon, and as for Sailing-master Vaughan,—a man whose wife will tear up her petticoats and carpets to wrap around our cannon balls to make them fit our guns, as she did in the first attack the British made on Sackett's Harbor,—he doesn't need any other voucher, though he is as true as steel himself. You will take three gigs; you will command one, and Dixon and Vaughan, each, one of the others. You will also have eighteen picked men, and if you don't cut off some of the enemy's supplies, I think the fault will be your own. I shall expect a good report from you, Lieutenant."

"I will do my best," said the young officer, as he went to make his preparations.

Fitted with sails and supplied with rifles, pistols, and cutlasses, as well as with provisions for several days, the three gigs soon left Sackett's Harbor, and in a few hours were among the islands of the St. Lawrence.

They successfully eluded the gunboats which they

found stationed as Johnson had reported, all of them too strong to be attacked. On the 19th of June they were in hiding near Bald Island, about four miles below Alexandria Bay, and under the Canadian shore. Two squadrons of boats had passed them going up the river, but the concealed men prudently made no attack upon them.

Suddenly the watch called out, "There's a gunboat coming down the river under easy sail, but she's out near the middle of the channel. She's seen us, too," he added a moment later, when the gunboat came about, and sent out an officer and two men in a skiff, evidently with the intention of inquiring who the strangers were.

Quickly bidding his men remain silent, Lieutenant Gregory waited for the skiff to approach. He could see the men on the gunboat now, and evidently there were as many as he had in his own party. An eighteen-pounder pointed in his direction did not allay his fears, and he was convinced that a desperate struggle was at hand. There was no possibility of escaping, and he looked about at his followers to see whether they were likely to stand firm or not. All appeared to be calm and ready.

"Who are you, and what men are those with you?" called out the British officer as the skiff drew near.

"Me? Oh, I'm a Connecticut Yankee, born at Norwalk, and these men are picked marines from Sackett's Harbor. I don't need to ask who you are, for you're my prisoners," replied Gregory. "Here, none of that," he added, as he saw a movement as if they would return

to the gunboat. "You can take your choice,—either come to us or go to the bottom."

What could the surprised men do? They turned to obey, when the men on the gunboat, observing the changed conditions, opened fire. At a word from Gregory the fire was returned, and all the party started quickly for the boat.

No opportunity for reloading was given. In a few moments the Yankee sailors had boarded the gunboat, and a hand-to-hand engagement followed. The British marines were no match for their Yankee cousins in this kind of struggle, and soon the *Black Snake* and her eighteen men were taken.

"If my carronade had been loaded, I'd have blown you all to flinders," said Captain Landon, deeply chagrined at his capture.

"That's all right," replied Lieutenant Gregory, "but I'm pretty well satisfied as it is."

"You'll never get us out of this river," said the captain. "There are too many on the lookout for such as you."

"We'll try it, anyhow," said the lieutenant, as the *Black Snake* was taken in tow, and the party started to make their way up the river.

They had gone but a few miles when they saw a large British gunboat approaching. The prisoners shouted together, and the attention of the gunboat was at once secured.

"We're in for it now," said the lieutenant. The course was immediately changed, and with the other boat in hot pursuit they started for some of the smaller

islands, hoping to be able to find some hiding place or to escape among the many winding passages.

The enemy steadily gained upon them. Nearer and nearer drew the gunboat, and soon the boom of a six-pound cannon came threateningly across the water.

"We'll never do it, Lieutenant," said Sailing-master Vaughan. "Our only chance is to scuttle this boat and make off with our prisoners and the small arms."

"That's the very thing I had just decided to do," replied Gregory.

The prisoners were hurried into the gigs, and using both sails and oars Gregory's party started on again. They watched the *Black Snake* as she slowly settled into the water, and then turned to follow the movements of their pursuers. Would they stop and try to raise the gunboat, or would they leave that and follow the fugitives?

The question was soon settled; the pursuing boat kept steadily on her way past the sinking vessel, evidently determined to overtake the fleeing Yankees.

"A stern chase and a hard one," muttered Dixon, as the men bent with new energy to the oars. "It's a good thing the wind's with us."

But even the favoring wind could not enable them to distance the gunboat. Steadily the British craft gained, and soon her shot rang out again. The men watched the ball as it went skipping over the water.

"Pull, my lads, pull!" said the lieutenant in a low voice. "The sun is low, and if we can hold on a little longer, we'll give them the slip yet."

"That's Grenadier Island ahead," said Vaughan.

"If we can make that, we've a fighting chance. But they're gaining on us," he added, as he glanced behind him.

"It's a British prison ship if we're taken," said the lieutenant. "The sun's gone. One more spurt, and let us see if we can't gain the shelter of Grenadier!"

And the struggling men, cheered by their young officer, again bent to their task. Blistered and suffering hands were not heeded. Their breath came hard and fast, but still the determined men labored at the oars. Before them rose the shores of the island, and in the dim light their prisoners could scarcely be seen.

"Try it again, men!" called out the lieutenant. "If we can gain a little now, the redcoats won't know which side of the island we take."

The darkness fell rapidly, and the desperate men, under its friendly shelter, soon turned to the right of the island, and rowing on until it seemed as if another stroke could not be made, they ran the three gigs into a little cove which Bill Dixon indicated, and there rested on their oars.

Would the gunboat follow along the shore they had chosen, or would she take the other side? All their hope of escaping rested upon the decision of that question.

In silence they waited for signs of their pursuers. The only sounds that could be heard were those made by the lapping of the little waves upon the shore and of the wind as it sighed among the trees. The trembling men, holding their guns in readiness, every moment expected to see the form of the gunboat approaching through the darkness.

At last, when an hour had passed, their hopes revived. Muffling their oars they began to row slowly for the waters of the open lake. When the head of the island had been passed, they hoisted their sails, and through the thick darkness, guided by the intrepid Dixon, with all their prisoners and the small arms they had taken, they started for Sackett's Harbor.

The reception they met when they arrived there at daybreak can well be imagined, and Commodore Chauncey found that for a few days his men had another topic of conversation besides his delayed start for Yeo's fleet.

THE EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT GREGORY

COMMODORE CHAUNCEY, sadly perplexed and almost in despair, sat wrapped in blankets by a window in the little room in which he had been compelled to remain for several weeks, on account of a severe illness. He could see the frigate *Mohawk* riding at anchor with the rest of his fleet in Sackett's Harbor. The sight of this ship caused him to smile with pride; but the cloud that had been resting upon his face soon returned.

"Something must be done or I shall lose the confidence of my own men, as well as that of the country," said the commodore to himself; and yet he groaned as he thought of his own helplessness and of the few men upon whose support he could rely.

As he sat by the window, these bitter thoughts passing through his mind, he saw a little boat come around the point and beat into the harbor. He watched her as she came up to the dock and was made fast. Her sole occupant stepped quickly ashore, and started directly up the street.

"Perhaps it's some one coming here to bring news in which I shall be interested," thought the commodore, and he smiled somewhat feebly as he thought of his own weak condition and his inadequate forces.

The commodore's conjecture was correct, however, and in a short time the stranger was admitted into his presence. The interview must have been an interesting one, for it was fully two hours before the visitor departed,

and the flushed face of the sick man revealed the interest this visitor had inspired.

“Send Lieutenant Gregory to me at once,” he called out to the stranger as he left the room. Then in his eagerness the commodore tried to stand at the window to watch for the young officer. He was soon compelled to seek his chair again, though his impatience increased with every moment.

Only a brief time had passed, however, before the young lieutenant came into the room.

The commodore smiled as he looked in silence at the youthful officer.

“Lieutenant, have you entirely recovered from the effects of that expedition down the St. Lawrence, ten days ago?” asked the commodore.

“There was nothing to recover from,” replied the lieutenant, with a smile. “All we did was to scuttle the *Black Snake*.”

“Yes, but you got your prisoners and all the small arms off before she went down, and you got away from the gunboats that chased you.”



COMMODORE ISAAC CHAUNCEY, OF THE
UNITED STATES NAVY.

"Yes, we were lucky. Have you heard anything more of her?"

"Only that your exploit has made the enemy very uneasy, and they don't know where we'll strike next. But the best part of your work was its effect upon our men here. It gave them something to talk about besides their own inaction. But that's wearing off now."

"We'll have to try it again, then. There are reports that supplies and reënforcements for the British are all the time coming up the St. Lawrence, and such reports don't do our men any good."

"That's the very reason I sent for you," said the commodore, quickly. "If we can strike another blow like that, it will help things on for a few days; and then I hope we shall have men enough and I shall be well enough to start for Niagara at once."

"I'm ready," replied the lieutenant, eagerly. "I enlisted to fight, and I want to do something to make a name for myself. Such little tricks as scuttling the *Black Snake* don't do the enemy any harm, nor us, including myself, much good."

"One of my best scouts has just been here, and he reports that a transport will pass Nicholas Island in a day or two—you know Nicholas Island over by Presque Isle Harbor? Do you want to take some men and cut her off? You can hide on the island, and she's sure to pass within two or three days on her way to York and Fort George."

"Yes, sir, I want to try it; that is, if I can pick two or three of the men who are to go with me."

"What men do you want?"

"Sailing-masters Vaughan and Bill Dixon. I shall want besides eighteen of the best men and three of the largest gigs such as I had in the *Black Snake* expedition; and then if I don't take that transport and all the supplies she has on board, the fault will all be mine."

The details were soon arranged. The party was to start that very night. There were to be three gigs, and six men were to go in each gig, under the charge of the lieutenant and his two sailing-masters.

As soon as the moon had risen the boats left Sackett's Harbor. Lieutenant Gregory led the way. A sharp lookout was kept, but nothing of interest was seen that night. The next day the little party arrived at Nicholas Island. They at once prepared their camp and stationed a watch at each end of the island. All the men were eager, and the thoughts of possible prize money kept every one alert.

The following day had almost passed when the entire party was thrown into great excitement by the call of the watch that a transport was to be seen headed up the lake. She was close in shore and had just turned the point; but there she was in plain sight. If one could judge by the slow progress she was making, she was heavily loaded.

Lieutenant Gregory ordered every man to his place, and soon the three gigs, concealed behind a projecting point of the island, lay waiting for the transport to appear.

Did she have armed men on board? Would she fight? The uncertainty of the reception they would meet,

made every man silent. The low sun, as it sent its beams across the lake, disclosed a determined body of men behind Nicholas Island awaiting the unsuspecting transport.

The moments passed in silence. The men almost concluded that she had changed her course, when suddenly the transport swept into sight. She was under full sail; her rail was low, and evidently she was heavily loaded, as they had supposed. Only two or three men were to be seen upon her deck, and she promised to fall an easy prey to the Americans.

Lieutenant Gregory waited for the right time to come; and when he had satisfied himself that she was the transport they sought and that everything was in readiness, he turned to his men and in a low voice gave the command:—

“Give way, men — give way!”

The gigs shot out from behind the island into the waters of the open lake, and started for the heavily laden vessel.

“Lieutenant! Lieutenant!” suddenly Sailing-master Vaughan called out. “What craft is that on the starboard?”

The young officer turned quickly at the hail, and out in the lake, not a quarter of a mile behind the transport, a gunboat came into sight. It was but the work of a moment to back water, and in much better time than they had made in leaving the island they returned to its shelter. Drawing their gigs quickly up on the shore, the men rushed for the trees to watch the movements of the passing boats.

For some reason these changed their course and made for Presque Isle Harbor. The darkness soon came on, and the watchers were unable to determine whether the boats remained in the harbor or not.

"Perhaps we shall be the party attacked before morning," said Sailing-master Vaughan. "If that gunboat caught a glimpse of us, it's more'n likely she'll suspect something is wrong and come over here to pay us a visit."

"That's the hard part of it," said the lieutenant. "To start out as we did and then get caught like a rabbit in a hole is worse than not trying anything at all. And after the scuttling of the *Black Snake*, too! What will the commodore think? I'd give a small fortune to be able to tell whether the gunboat knows we're here or not. It would make a big difference by morning."

"I think I can find out for you if you are as anxious as all that," said Sailing-master Dixon.

"How? If you could, I'd make your fortune."

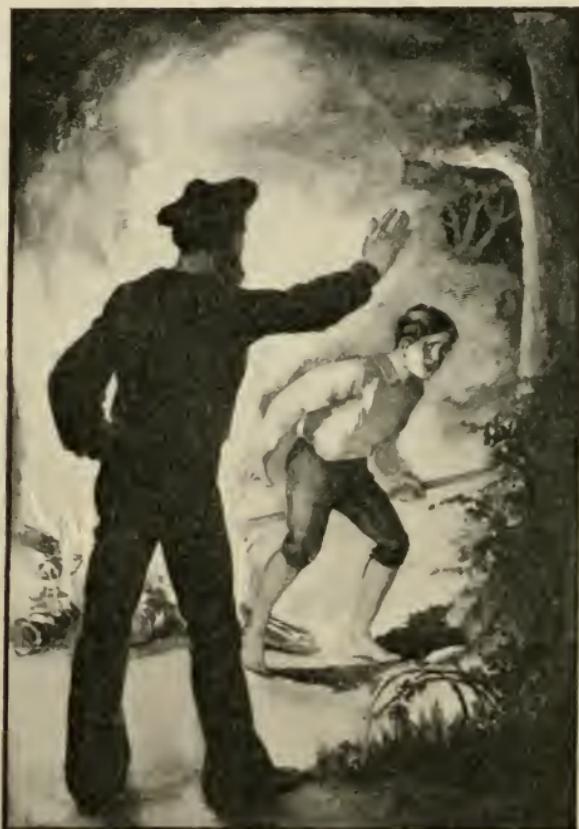
"I don't want any fortune; but I've been watching that fire on the other shore that's been burning ever since the sun went down. I've been thinking that maybe I could take a few men and go over there and find out something to our advantage. If you say the word, I'll take my men and gig and start this minute."

"I do say the word," said the lieutenant, quickly; and the sailing-master and his men, with muffled oars, soon started in the direction of the light which appeared to be about a mile from the harbor.

Dixon, as soon as the shore had been gained, left his men with the gig, giving them instructions that if they

heard his whistle they would know he was in trouble and were to come at once to his aid.

He crept on in the darkness, making his way slowly



“THERE, THERE, SONNY; NOTHING’S GOING TO HURT YOU.”

from tree to tree, and parting the bushes with his hands whenever he was compelled to pass through them. He did not know but that he himself might be watched, and the possible presence of unseen enemies made him doubly careful, and his progress correspondingly slow.

For a part of the way he crept upon his hands and

knees and frequently stopped behind a tree to listen. The voices of the wind and the water were the only sounds he heard.

At last he arrived at a place from which he could obtain a view of the fire, and the sight brought a low, sharp exclamation from his lips.

“There, I might have known! Nothing but a boy making potash! He must get a good price for his ashes in war time,” said the careful Bill. “It’s been a long time since I’ve seen any potash money, or pearlash either, but I must make this youngster’s acquaintance. He must be lonesome out here in the woods all alone,” and he stepped boldly forward and entered the camp.

With an exclamation of fear the boy started from the place when he beheld the stranger; but he stopped when the visitor said in his most soothing tones:—

“There, there, sonny; nothing’s going to hurt you, and no one wants your ashes either. Perhaps, though, you wouldn’t mind telling a stranger how far it is to Presque Isle Harbor.”

The boy, partly reassured, returned to the camp, and as he began again to attend to his fires, said: “It’s a good mile to Presque. Where are you from?”

“Sho! A mile, is it? That’s better than I thought. You don’t happen to live close by here, do you?”

“No; my home is at Presque, but I’m tending these fires for the man whose house we live in. He’s gone to York to fight the Yankees.”

“Then you’re all alone, are you? You must be lonesome, and I think I’ll do you a little favor. You just come with me, and you’ll have some better company

than you could find anywhere along the shores o' Canada. Come now, no fooling," he added, as he saw the boy start as if he were about to make for the woods. "I've got some men with me, and you couldn't tell the difference in the dark between a gun barrel and a dead branch, now could you? Don't be scared, for we shan't hurt you; and if you're an honest youngster, you'll be back before morning," and he laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder. The boy, seeing that there was no escape, followed his captor to the shore, and took his place in the gig as he was bidden.

The men at once obeyed the order to "give way," and soon the little party was again at Nicholas Island. The sailing-master quickly led his trembling captive to the place where the lieutenant and Sailing-master Vaughan were still conferring.

"I've brought you something, Lieutenant," said Dixon. "I don't know that it's worth much, but you can tell pretty quick. It's all I could find near that fire," and he pushed the frightened boy before him and told how he came to bring him.

"Never fear, my lad," said the lieutenant, turning to the prisoner as soon as he had heard Dixon's story. "We shan't harm you; that is, if you tell us the truth."

The boy was silent, and the young officer continued, "Do you know whether the people at Presque Isle Harbor know we are here or not?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, quickly. "They do know you are here, for the gunboat saw you before she put into the harbor."

"And what is the gunboat going to do?"

"Oh, she started more'n two hours ago for York along with the transport. They didn't know but you might be after her, so they just got her out of the way as soon as they could."

"And what do your people propose to do now?"

"Oh, they've sent two expresses to Little York for help. One has gone by the lake and one on horseback; that is, he's to go that way as far as he can. They've got you in a box," said the boy, his fear gone now, "and I don't believe you can get out of it, either."

"Two expresses?" said the lieutenant in surprise. "But if they've got the transport safely out of the way, what in the world did they send expresses to Little York for?"

"Why, they weren't sure whether it was the transport you were after or the new schooner."

Lieutenant Gregory was startled. Was there a new schooner at Presque Isle Harbor? If so, his venture might not be in vain, after all. He did not raise his voice, however, as he turned again to the lad and said, "Where did the new schooner come from?"

"She didn't come from anywhere," said the boy. "She's still on the stocks; but she's the same as ready to launch."

"How many guns is she to carry?"

"Fourteen; and they've got all her fittings in a little house close by."

"How many houses are there at the harbor?"

"Let me see," said the boy. "Ours is one, the Landons' is two—there are about a dozen all together."

It was now about one o'clock in the morning. Some

of the men were asleep, but not one of the leaders had closed his eyes. The moon, now in the last quarter, could be seen behind the scudding clouds, and the stillness, that was broken only by the ripples on the beach, seemed to invite the young officer to attempt the plan which suddenly had presented itself to his mind.

“I’ll do it! I’ll do it!” he said aloud; and explaining his new project to his leaders, he ordered them quickly to arouse the sleeping men. Some of the men were inclined to grumble a little at being disturbed by the sudden summons, but soon, wide-awake, they were standing together on the shore. Not one of them knew where he was going.

“Suppose those expresses send a gunboat down upon us before we finish our work,” suggested Sailing-master Vaughan.

“Then they will,” replied Lieutenant Gregory, “that’s all. We’re going to make the attempt, even if the whole fleet on Lake Ontario takes after us. But I don’t want any of you to talk;—only just follow my directions.”

The oars were muffled and the gigs set forth for Presque Isle Harbor. Not a word was spoken by any except the lieutenant. He occasionally asked a question of the boy prisoner, who sat trembling by his side.

Though none of the men knew the object of the expedition, there was now a readiness to follow the young officer. This promised well. When the three boats came within the harbor, the men rested on their oars for a moment. Not a light was to be seen. Silence was over all.

The crowing of a cock told that dawn was near. The leader in a few hurried words gave his orders.

"I want both of you sailing-masters to take your men and to leave a guard before every house. Make as little noise as possible, and if no harm is threatened you, do none yourselves. But when you hear my whistle, all make for the boats, leaving the youngster behind, and pull for the lake."

He stood for a moment and watched the men as they filed silently down the street and disappeared in the darkness. Satisfied at last that enough time had elapsed to enable them to carry out his orders, he took his own six men and started for the schooner, whose outlines he could dimly see.

They marched in silence along the beach, not one of the men knowing where they were going, or why. The moon had now disappeared, and the crowing of the cock was more frequent.

Without any interference the little band of men drew near the schooner, and then waited while the lieutenant crept ahead to see if there were any guards to be overcome. Assured that everything was in readiness, he returned for his men and in a low whisper gave them his orders.

"I want two of you to go into the hold aft, and two up near the bow and make a pile of all the shavings and light wood. Two of you go into the little house on the shore and do the same. We're going to have a bonfire pretty quick, and I'm going to light it myself. I'll stand guard while you're doing this part of it. Now be off!" and the men started in great excitement to carry out his bidding.

Lieutenant Gregory kept a careful lookout. He was

afraid help would come from Little York, or that the sleeping village would be aroused. The outcome of the venture would mean much for him. Success would bring a sure promotion, but failure might mean a long imprisonment and perhaps a lingering death for them all.

Would the men never give the signal for which he had arranged? Every moment of delay was torture for the impatient young officer. At last, however, the signal was given, and eagerly entering the hold he started the blaze. Without waiting to see the effect, he hastily withdrew and set fire to the adjacent building also.

The men stood together and watched the smoke that soon began to pour through the hatchways of the schooner. It seemed to the trembling men, fearful of every sound and watchful of lake and shore alike, that the fire was making no headway. The occasional crackling sound, however, proved that it was well started.

Suddenly with a roar the flames burst forth. They ran along the deck and climbed about the masts. They darted along the bowsprit and quivered at the mast-heads. The schooner was in a blaze now, and the roar of the fire could be heard far out over the lake. The cocks, deceived by the glare, were crowing vigorously, but not a soul in the village was stirring. Evidently the guards were doing their work well.

“We’ve done it, Lieutenant — we’ve done it!” said one of the excited men. “A wide-awake Yankee is too much for the sleepy Canucks.”

“Not so sleepy, after all,” said the lieutenant, hastily. “Look out there!” and in the light of the flames two

gunboats could be seen approaching not more than a half mile distant.

The shrill whistle of the lieutenant rang out above the roar of the flames. The men came running to the shore and at a word took their places at the oars.

“Give way, men! Pull for your lives! Keep in near shore!” shouted the young officer. “Our only hope is in keeping out of sight. We can’t distance them in a breeze like this.”

The men needed no second command. In a moment the gigs were flying over the water, the oars bending with every stroke, and the gaze of the sailors fixed on the approaching boats.

“One of them is after us,” groaned the lieutenant. “The night’s work is lost, and so are we, if we can’t beat them out.”

The breeze was strong, and the light of the rising sun enabled their pursuers to follow them. A puff of smoke, a roar of a great gun, the splash of a ball that fell near them throwing the spray into their faces, made the men bend to their work as never before. Great drops of sweat stood out on their brows, and on their faces looks of intense suffering began to appear. As the lieutenant glanced behind him he saw that the gunboat was still gaining.

“Pull, my men — pull!” he said, as he took the place of one who had fainted. “It’s now or never. Which shall it be, a galley or the deck of the *Mohawk*? I think the wind is dying out a bit, and if it is, we’ll give ‘em the slip yet.”

With set teeth the men put new strength into their

work. The words of the young officer had stirred their hearts again.

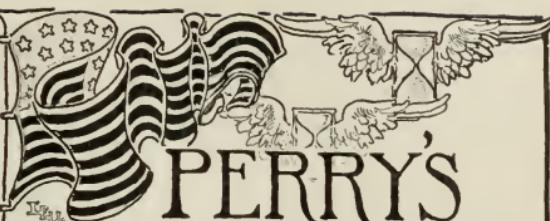
“The wind is dying out, thank Heaven!” said Lieutenant Gregory a little later, as he glanced once more at their pursuers. “That’s right,” he added, as a puff of smoke again arose, and the ball fell just behind them. “We’re out of reach of your fire now, my hearties!”

But the race was not ended. The men pulled as those who fight for their lives. They pulled till one and another fell in a faint from his seat, pulled till at last the gunboat became a speck upon the waters, and finally disappeared from sight.

“I don’t just know where we are,” said the young officer, lifting, to shade his eyes, a hand from which the blood was dripping. “But we’ll set sail and run in somewhere.”

Many hours afterward, when the little boats with their crews sailed into the harbor at Oswego, the haggard faces and bleeding hands of the men stirred the sympathies of the crowd that quickly gathered. Volunteers were soon found to conduct the brave men to Sackett’s Harbor.

It is true that most of our historians have forgotten to record what “the vivacious little Yankee” did. His own men, however, continued to tell the story until, in the course of twenty years, it reached the ears of our Congressmen. Then, for sinking the *Black Snake* and burning the schooner in Presque Isle Harbor, they voted Lieutenant Gregory and his men the sum of three thousand dollars.



PERRY'S VICTORY

(This was one of the favorite songs of the War of 1812; its author is unknown.)



YE sons of Columbia, give ear to my story,
Who fought with brave Perry where cannons did roar;
His valor has gained you an immortal glory,
Which will last till Father Time shall be no more.

The tenth of September, I pray let's remember,
As long as the globe on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines upon Lake Erie were seen
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down.

The van of our fleet the bold British did meet —
Commanded by Perry — the *Lawrence* bore down.
Our guns they did roar with such terrific power
The savage Britons did tremble at the great sound.

The *Lawrence* sustained a most terrible fire;
She fought three to one for two glasses or more.
Gallant Perry undaunted firmly stood by her
While the proud foe heavy broadsides did pour.

Her masts are all shattered, her rigging all tattered,
Her yards and her booms being all shot away;
But few left on deck to manage the wreck,
Our hero on board her no longer could stay.

Says Perry, "Those villains they mean for to drown us;
Push in, my brave boys, you need never have fear!"
Then he off with his coat and plugged up the boat,
And away through the fire and the smoke he did steer.

The famous *Niagara*, now proud of her Perry,
Displayed all her banners in gallant array.
Twenty-five guns on her decks she did carry,
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.

Brave Elliott, whose valor must now be recounted,
On board the *Niagara* he played well his part.
His gallant assistance to Perry afforded
Well placed him the second on Lake Erie's chart.

Hurrah for our flag! General Harrison, too!
For Perry's bold fleet loud praised by all powers!
Hurrah for the message, may it ever prove true:
"We have met the enemy — and they are ours!"

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

IN few men have the various elements that combine to make a noble manhood been so marked as they were in Oliver Hazard Perry. He was strong, yet gentle; brave, yet merciful. Tireless in his energy, always willing to work hard for success, helpful to those less fortunate than himself, generous as he was brave, Perry was a type of American we may hope always to find in our land.

The fact that he died very young has added to the glory of his deeds. Commodore Perry was but thirty-four years of age when his life of heroism ended. His success was great and his experience was varied. He showed how much a young man could accomplish by means of a well-trained mind, a good conscience, and a desire to do his very best in any work which fell to him.

The influences of the romantic and adventurous came into his life early. Commodore Perry was born in Rhode Island, in August, 1785. His first breath drew in the air of the sea. In his boyhood days he was familiar with the sight of the rolling waves and the rock-ribbed shore. Undoubtedly those early associations aided in developing that rugged honesty which characterized him.

Perry was a sailor's boy, and the ambition of his life was to become himself a sailor. He had watched the coming and going of the stately ships, he had heard the

songs and stories of the seamen, and above all, he had listened to the exciting tales of his own father, who had fought on the seas in the War of Independence. When he was only a lad he longed to go to sea.

The opportunity came sooner than he expected. He had not had very rugged health, and a change of scene and air seemed advisable. His father, who was then in command of a frigate, secured the appointment of the boy, then fifteen years of age, as midshipman on this vessel. Young Oliver started for his first trip on a cruise to the West Indies.

He found that the work was not light, but he had not expected his voyage to be a holiday affair. There was studying to be done on shipboard as well as in school, and the tasks placed upon him seemed almost numberless. But he was a lad of sturdy purpose and equal to the demand. He learned to obey, and thereby learned to command. He did not believe in "luck." If things "turned his way," it was because he helped "turn them," not because he stood and waited for them to come. When difficulties arose, he did not seek an easier place, but faced and overcame them, as any man must do who is to succeed.

The years passed rapidly for the young midshipman. After some stirring experiences in the Gulf he sailed in 1802 for the Mediterranean, where troubles for the new nation were then threatening. This time he sailed in the frigate *John Adams*. Again, three years later, he was one of the crew on the good ship *Constitution*. So faithfully did he labor and so entirely did he justify the confidence placed in him, that in 1807 he was ap-

pointed lieutenant. In 1809 he was placed in command of the schooner *Revenge*. This was a proud moment in his life and as he assumed his command of fourteen guns and a nimble crew, he saw with confidence the steps before him in the ladder of his success.

It was while he was in command of the *Revenge* that he had the first real test of his powers. One day, in a dense fog, his pilot ran the schooner aground off Watch Hill, Rhode Island. Perry quickly saw that his vessel must be lost and prepared at once to save everything that could be taken from the wreck. The sails and spars, the guns, and even the personal belongings of the officers and men were taken ashore; and when at last the vessel went down, little more than the hulk was left to sink.

Perry knew that he might be blamed for the loss of the vessel. He therefore demanded a court of investigation; and in this action he showed his wisdom and foresight. After a brief inquiry, this court not only acquitted Perry of all blame, but praised him for his bravery in the hour of peril.

The War of 1812 had been threatening for some time. Old England, like many another mother, did not fully realize that her daughter in the New World was able to care for herself. The younger country was, on the other hand, inclined to show the people across the sea that she was entirely able to conduct her own affairs without assistance. Troubles came on apace, and at last, in 1812, war was declared. None desired it, and many openly opposed it. War was then, as it ever is, a terrible thing. It may mean glory for a few, but it brings inevitably untold sorrow and suffering to a land.

At the outbreak of the war, Perry was in command of a division. In such a position there was little for an energetic young officer to do. Perry chafed under the inactivity. If there must be a war and he must fight, then he wanted to take part in the struggle. Reports, good and bad, came from the Great Lakes, where the struggle was going on. At last, in February, 1813, at his own urgent request, Perry and his men were transferred to Lake Ontario to be under the command of Commodore Chauncey.

The young officer, then only twenty-seven years of age, was gratified to receive from Chauncey a letter in which the commodore wrote him, "You are the very person I want for a particular service, in which you may gain reputation for yourself and honor for your country." This letter was not written without justification, as Perry had already shown himself a man to be depended upon.

Before sunset on the very day when he received his orders from the Secretary of the Navy, Perry dispatched fifty of his best men and officers to Sackett's Harbor, New York, and within four days he equipped and sent forward one hundred more. Then, after he had made sure that his orders had been obeyed, Perry himself



O. H. PERRY.

started in a sleigh on his long ride through the wilderness.

For two weeks he remained at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, where an attack was daily feared. After the threatened danger was past, he and a few of his men were sent forward to Presque Isle (Erie) to supervise the task of equipping a little fleet. There Perry found much work to be done. Trees had to be cut in the forest, and brigs, schooners, and gunboats had to be finished.

This work Perry speedily completed, and at sunset of the day before the vessels were to be launched, he departed from the station in an open four-oared boat to join Chauncey in an attack upon Fort George. The wind soon rose, and the waters of Lake Erie became rough and boisterous; but the young officer did not turn back. Now, as before, when he had determined to do a thing, he did it, and defeated all obstacles. Perry succeeded in reaching Buffalo and capturing Fort George.

He soon returned to Presque Isle with several additional vessels, and on the 10th of July his little fleet was ready to put to sea. His equipment was poor, his men were few, yet the government was expecting him to do great things.

Perry, although he felt keenly his lack of men, was not daunted. His feelings are apparent in a letter he wrote Commodore Chauncey: "The enemy's fleet of six sail are now off the bar of this harbor. What a golden opportunity if we had men! Their object is, no doubt, either to blockade or attack us, or to carry provisions and reën-

forcements to Malden. Should it be to attack us, we are ready to meet them. I am constantly looking to the eastward; every mail and every traveler from that quarter is looked to as the harbinger of the glad tidings of our men being on the way. — Give me men, sir, and I will acquire both for *you* and myself honor and glory on this lake, or perish in the attempt. Conceive my feelings: an enemy within striking distance, my vessels ready, and not men enough to man them. Going out with those I have now is out of the question. You would not suffer it were you here. Think of my situation: the enemy in sight, the vessels under my command more than sufficient and ready to make sail, and yet obliged to bite my fingers with vexation for want of men."

Not receiving a response, he wrote again: "For God's sake and *yours* and mine send me men and I will have them all [the British fleet] in a day or two. Commodore Barclay keeps just out of the reach of our gunboats. — The vessels are all ready to meet the enemy the moment they are officered and manned. Our sails are bent, provisions on board, and, in fact, everything is ready. Barclay has been bearding me for several days; I long to be at him. However anxious I am to reap the reward of the labor and anxiety I have had on this station, I shall rejoice, whoever commands, to see this force on the lake, and surely I had rather be commanded by my friend than by any other. Come, then, and the business is decided in a few hours."

So few were the men sent him at last, "a motley set, blacks, soldiers, and boys," that the Secretary of the Navy afterward reproved him for exposing his force.

Matters were made worse at the time by a sharp letter from Chauncey, which caused Perry to request his own removal from the station; but the commodore quickly apologized, and the plans were continued.

The larger vessels were hauled over the shallow places by "camels,"—machines invented by the Dutch for that very purpose,—and at last, with three hundred effective men and officers to man two twenty-gun brigs and eight other vessels, he put to sea.

It seemed to be difficult to bring the enemy to an engagement. For several weeks Perry cruised about the lake and at last, after various minor engagements and experiences, on the 10th of September, 1813, the now famous battle of Lake Erie took place.

The account of that engagement should be read in one of the larger histories. Perry's bravery, his heroism and success, were well summed up in the famous dispatch he sent General Harrison at the close of the battle: "We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem, O. H. Perry."

One expression used by the defeated British commodore has sometimes been forgotten, but it should be as much a part of Perry's fame as his wonderful victory or terse dispatch. This is the remark that his conqueror was a "Christian gentleman." Brave as a lion in battle, he was as gentle and tender as a woman with the wounded of the enemy as well as with those of his own men, and the words of an old song, popular in its day, give voice to the feelings of the people concerning him:—

“A chastened rapture, Perry, fills thy breast,
Thy sacred tear embalms the heroes slain;
The gem of pity shines in glory’s crest
More brilliant than the diamond wreath of fame.”

The young officer was now called upon to assist General Harrison in retaking Detroit, and acquitted himself on land as nobly as he had done on the lake. This post had been lost by General Hull, and the general feeling of the nation can be estimated by some lines from an old song which contained I know not how many stanzas:—

“Let William Hull be counted null,¹
A coward and a traitor,
For British gold his army sold
To Brock, the speculator.”

The merits of that charge against Hull, and the result of the investigations made by the higher authorities concerning his surrender, are no part of this outline. It is sufficient to know that Harrison and Perry retook Detroit, and the anger of the nation was in a measure allayed.

At the close of the year 1813, Perry gave up his command, and wherever he went honors were showered upon him for his great victory on Lake Erie. Congress voted him its thanks and a gold medal, and also gave him a full commission as captain, dating it from the 10th of September, 1813, the day of the battle.

In the following year, Perry was placed in command of the *Java*, and though he was not able to accomplish much, owing to the British blockade of our southern

¹ See p. 50.

ports, peace was soon declared and the call for warlike deeds was happily ended.

Of the cruise Perry made in the *Java* to the Mediterranean, or the uneventful years that followed until 1819, there is no need to write here. In May of that fatal year, however, Perry was placed in command of a fleet and ordered to coast along the shores of South America. The young officer, then only thirty-four years of age, sailed away in the *John Adams*. In the month of July he went up the Orinoco in the schooner *Nonesuch*, and at his landing-place was stricken with yellow fever. He was taken on board his vessel, but had gone only as far as the Port of Spain, on the island of Trinidad, when he died. Years afterward his body was brought back to his native land, and to-day a monument in Newport marks the spot where the body of Oliver Hazard Perry now rests.

The rolling waves and storm-beaten rocks of his early home are the same as when he was a boy; but they are not the only things associated with his memory that remain. Perry's honesty and sincerity, his bravery and determination, and above all, his purpose to do his best in every task, are qualities that the world does not readily forget. Indeed, there never was a time they were more in demand than they are to-day, and fortunate indeed is the lad who learns in time of peace the lessons which Commodore Perry was compelled to learn in the midst of the horrors of war.

THE MERCY OF A BOY OFFICER

“WE have lost our way, I know we have,” said William Connor to his two Indian companions.

Since midnight these three men had been wandering in the darkness. Twice they had returned to a place they had marked near the Sandusky River, and now in the growing light as they again recognized the familiar spot, the leader, alarmed and discouraged, turned to his companions with the exclamation we have quoted.

“Hist!” said one of the Indians in a low whisper, as he listened to sounds the white man could not hear. The next moment the Indian touched Connor upon the shoulder and beckoned his companions to follow him, and in silence the three left the well-beaten trail and concealed themselves in the underbrush.

The warning was not vain, for in a few minutes the white man saw a long file of warriors approaching. They were hideously painted, and the heart of young Connor beat rapidly while they passed. He counted fifty braves in the band. He was relieved when at last they disappeared in the forest, and then he followed his companions forth from their hiding place.

“Tecumseh’s braves,” said the Indian, as he explained what to him was the meaning of their presence — an explanation which Connor in a few days found to be correct. Tecumseh had thrown two thousand of his warriors

around Fort Stephenson, the destination of the little party, to cut off every retreat if the inmates should try to make their escape.

"Wait a minute," said Connor, as his companions prepared to advance. "Old Tippecanoe told me not to be caught with his message on my person. If we were likely to be taken prisoners, I was to read his message and then destroy it. I know he has no hope of the garrison holding out, and as we stand a very slim chance of making our way through these woods, I think I'll read his letter now," and he drew from his pocket the following letter to Major Croghan, which he quickly read: "Sir: Immediately on receiving this letter you will at once abandon Fort Stephenson, set fire to it, and repair with your command this night to headquarters. Cross the river and come up on the opposite side. If you should deem and find it impracticable to make good your march to this place, take the road to Huron and pursue it with the utmost circumspection."

"Whew!" said Connor, as he finished reading. "They'll need that letter and we must make the fort somehow. You must take the lead now, for I've lost all my bearings," he said to the Indians.

Thus bidden, they began again to advance. They saw many bands of prowling warriors, and more than once were compelled to seek the shelter of the bushes; but the very numbers of their enemies proved to be their best protection, for even if they had been seen, it is doubtful whether they would have been looked upon as other than parts of Proctor's or Tecumseh's forces.

Finally, however, about eleven o'clock on the morning

of July 30, 1813, the three messengers stood before Fort Stephenson. They had little time to note the three blockhouses, or the high pickets that surrounded the fort, or the ditch eight feet broad and as many deep that had been dug as a trench. They were speedily admitted, and Connor stood before George Croghan with his order from General Harrison.

“I want to see Major Croghan,” said Connor.

“I am he,” replied the youthful major. “What do you want?”

“You Major Croghan!” said Connor, looking at the slight, smooth-faced young man before him. “Not much! You can’t fool me. You’re nothing but a boy. I want to see the commander of this fort.”

“I’m Major Croghan,” replied the young man, his face flushing and his eyes snapping. “I’m twenty-one years old, old enough to command this garrison of one hundred and sixty-seven men, and old enough to put you in irons if you don’t hand over that dispatch instantly.”

“I declare!” said the rustic Connor, under his breath, but without another word he handed the letter of General Harrison to the boy officer.

“Wait here,” said the major as soon as he had read the letter; and leaving the astonished messenger, who still appeared to be unable to understand how a mere boy could be in command of such a post, Croghan hastily summoned his fellow-officers, and after a very brief consultation, returned with the following letter to Tippecanoe: “Sir: I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o’clock, P.M., ordering me to destroy this place and

make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can!"

Young Croghan did not mean to disobey orders, but he had received previous instructions which left him free to follow his own judgment. General Harrison, however, was not accustomed to have his words disregarded, and as a consequence, the next day the boy officer was superseded by Colonel Wells, and ordered to report immediately to General Harrison at Seneca Town. Here, however, he pleaded his own cause so well, that he was at once reinstated, and returned to his post at the fort.

Nevertheless General Harrison was still fearful. The force at Fort Stephenson was so small, Proctor's army so far outnumbering it, to say nothing of his two thousand Indian allies, that he was afraid the young officer could not hold out. He believed in Croghan's courage, but nevertheless he sent out scouts in every direction, who were to report at once if anything unusual should occur.

A body of these scouts was standing on the shore of Sandusky Bay on the evening of Saturday, the 31st of July, when they saw Proctor's army approaching by the lake. They hurried with their news to Fort Stephenson twenty miles away, but young Croghan was prepared, for he had himself already discovered the presence of several bands of prowling Indians.

On the following day the watchers at the fort saw the British gunboats, a mile away, coming up the river.

"They're coming! They're coming!" shouted the guard; and the men, frightened and pale, obeyed the word of the boy officer. They wheeled into position

the one six-pounder the fort possessed, which had been named the "Good Bess."

Proctor's four hundred regulars and his Indians paid no attention to the "Good Bess," however, but coolly proceeded to arrange their forces to attack the fort, and to cut off every possible means of escape.

When all was ready, General Proctor sent three of his officers ahead with a flag of truce, demanding the instant surrender of the fort. Young Major Croghan sent another youthful Kentuckian, Lieutenant Shipp, to meet them, while he himself stood upon the ramparts watching the conference.

At first the British officers demanded the surrender of the fort; but when young Shipp coolly refused, they began to plead, urging their inability to restrain the Indians.

"Remember the river Raisin," said Colonel Elliott.

"We do remember it," replied young Shipp, angrily, "and that is enough."

"It's a great pity," said Captain Dixon, beseechingly, "that so fine a young man as you, and as your commander is represented to be, should fall into the hands of savages. Sir, for God's sake, surrender, and prevent a dreadful massacre."

"When this fort is taken," replied Shipp, "there will be none to massacre."

"Look out, Shipp," called out Major Croghan, suddenly. He had seen an Indian stealing upon his companion. "Come in, Shipp, and we'll send them all into another world!" and the interview ended as the young lieutenant hastened to the fort.

At once the British began their attack. All night long their five six-pounders played upon the stockade, but without any serious effect. The "Good Bess" was taken from one blockhouse to another, to give the impression that the fort had more than the one gun. What would Proctor have thought if he had known the youthful commander had only one cannon, and that his ammunition was getting so low that he dared not fire often? Bags of flour and sand were piled against the weak places of the fortification, and with set and grimy faces the men stood to their work. Croghan's courageous example fired his men, and as he passed from place to place many a cheer went up for the young commander.

But he well knew the end had not yet come. In the night, the British dragged three cannon to a spot within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort, and in the morning the firing was renewed, though owing to the vigilance and caution of George Croghan it produced but little damage.

Four o'clock in the afternoon came. The British general was becoming desperate. His steady fire provoked no return. He could not see that he had brought the fort one whit nearer to a surrender. His Indians were becoming discouraged and something must be done. The clouds were heavy now, and the rumble of approaching thunder increased the confusion. The moment for which the boy officer had been waiting had come.

Realizing that the northwest angle was the weakest spot in his defense, Major Croghan had brought there the "Good Bess," silent for a long time now, and

loading her with a half charge of powder, filled her to the muzzle with shot and slugs. But he had masked her in such a way that her presence was unknown. There also he stationed the Kentucky sharpshooters,



ALL NIGHT THE YOUNG OFFICER . . . LOWERED PAILS
OF WATER TO THE WOUNDED.

and he knew he could depend upon them. The decisive moment for which he had been planning had arrived. Feinting an attack on the southern side, Colonel Short suddenly led his British soldiers in two close columns

against the northwest angle. Leaping into the ditch and calling to his men to follow, the angry colonel shouted, "Give the Yankees no quarter!"

"Now! Let them have it!" shouted the excited young leader, when he saw the ditch filled, and the sharpshooters and "Good Bess" spoke together. The masked port flew open, the slugs and grapeshot poured into the ditch, and groans and cries arose on every side.

Another column of the British advanced, and again the "Good Bess" spoke. This was enough. The British turned and fled, and left the colonel, who had cried out to give the Yankees no quarter, dying among the dead, feebly waving his handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begging for that mercy he himself had refused to offer.

All night the young officer stood on the rampart and lowered pails of water to the wounded. He dared not open the gates for fear of treachery, but the kind-hearted young commander dug a trench by which the wounded were brought into the fort.

What do you think were his feelings on the following day when he wrote Tippecanoe that he had held Fort Stephenson, with the loss of one man killed and seven wounded, against the British Proctor, who lost in killed and wounded one hundred and twenty-five?

And what was done for the boy officer? General Harrison could not praise him enough in his dispatches, the ladies of Chillicothe presented him with a beautiful sword, and Congress gave him the thanks of the nation, and twenty-two years later presented him with a gold medal. The boy officer had indeed been old enough

to command, and until his death, which occurred at New Orleans in 1849, wherever he went he used to hear a song written in his honor, one stanza of which was:—

“ Sound, oh, sound Columbia’s shell !
 High the thundering pæan raise !
Let the echoing bugles swell,
 Loudly answering, sound his praise !
'Tis Sandusky’s warlike boy,
 Crowned with victory’s trophies, comes !
High arise ye shouts of joy,
 Sound the loud, triumphant sound,
 And beat the drums.”

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, who afterward became the ninth President of the United States, was one of the most daring and successful American leaders in the War of 1812. His labors during that struggle were, for the most part, in the regions where the Indians were to be feared more than the English. In that border warfare Harrison was at his best. The Indians had some leaders who were men of great ability, — notably true was this in the case of the great Tecumseh and his eloquent brother, commonly known as the "Prophet," — and not many could cope with them. William Henry Harrison had been trained by "Mad Anthony" Wayne. This fact and his own talents enabled Harrison to succeed in many cases where men of greater reputation had failed.

Virginia was the colony in which the general was born in 1773. After a course of study in Hampden-Sydney College, young Harrison began the study of medicine, but was interrupted in this by the death of his father. When only nineteen years of age William Henry was appointed to the position of ensign in the army and entered upon the career in which he later proved so successful.

In his decision to enter the army he was strongly opposed by Robert Morris and other friends of his distinguished father; but here, as is often the case, the man's

own instincts were more to be relied upon than the experience of others.

Young Harrison served in the western army, first under St. Clair and afterward under Anthony Wayne, who highly prized the talents and promise of his young aid, especially in the line of tactics and ability to plan a campaign. After the Indians had apparently been subdued, young Harrison was promoted to be captain, and was placed in command of Fort Washington, the site of the present city of Cincinnati. Two years afterward he resigned from the army and was made secretary of the territory northwest of the Ohio and also a delegate to Congress.



FORT WASHINGTON IN 1789.

In 1801 the Northwestern Territory was divided, and William Henry Harrison was made governor of the Territory of Indiana, which at the time included the present states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Here the new governor found perils and problems in

abundance. The Indians of the region were very bold and brave, and as England had been steadily working through her agent, Simcoe, to stir up the red men against the Americans, the danger became constantly greater. Great Britain was not yet fully reconciled to the loss of her American colonies. Perhaps she was hoping to regain them. At all events, she was determined that they should not extend their possessions west of the Alleghany Mountains. To accomplish this the English were plotting with the Indians to hold back the Americans.

Tecumseh, an ardent Indian patriot and a truly great man, listened to them, though there can be no doubt that he had no more real love for the English than he had for the Americans. He thought, however, that by listening to the British and working with them he might be able to drive back the Americans, who were steadily pushing their settlements farther west. He doubtless planned to deal with the English afterward.

In 1811 matters had come to such a crisis that Harrison with a force of eight hundred men started toward the "Prophet's" town. The Indians had been so aroused by the ceaseless efforts of Tecumseh and his eloquent brother that something had to be done. At Tippecanoe, near the present city of Lafayette, Indiana, a battle was fought. Tecumseh himself was not there, and perhaps if he had been, Harrison might have found his task still more difficult. As it was, the battle was a furious one. Tomahawks, guns, clubs, spears, hatchets, and many other terrible weapons of warfare were used, and above all rose the savage cries of the warriors. At last, however, Harrison won the day. Afterward the name



THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

of the great battle he had won was bestowed upon him as a nickname, and he himself was called "Tippecanoe."

The Indians might have been subdued by their defeat had not the War of 1812 broken out soon afterward. This event and the increased efforts and promises of the British caused Tecumseh and his followers to resolve upon a desperate attempt to preserve their liberties. The border warfare now became of a character that is too dreadful even to be described.

During the early part of the war Harrison was kept busy urging the scattered people of the frontier to build blockhouses, and doing his very best to protect the forts and settlements from the attacks of their savage foes. After General Hull had weakly surrendered Detroit, Harrison was appointed to the command of the northwestern

frontier, with the rank of a brigadier general. In the following year he was made a major general and thus was given more power to carry out certain of his plans. The men under him were for the most part volunteers from Ohio and Kentucky, and though brave and true, they were almost wholly lacking in military experience. His subordinate officers were also inexperienced, and no matter how brave a leader may be, he can do little without efficient men to carry out his commands.

In the early part of the winter of 1813, General Harrison resumed his attempt to drive the British out of Detroit. He sent forward his advance force, over which General Winchester was in command, and near the Raisin River, in southern Michigan, met the British under Proctor. The most frightful slaughter of the entire war followed. Proctor either could not or did not attempt to restrain his savage allies, and many, even the wounded prisoners, were butchered and scalped by the Indians. It was a crime against honest warfare and a sad blow to the Americans. In one particular it aided them, for afterward there was no battle cry that roused them, and especially the men of Kentucky, as did "Remember the river Raisin!" And "remember" it they did!

After the loss of this force, General Harrison was compelled to turn back and for a time take refuge in Fort Meigs, near the present town of Defiance, Ohio. Here the British general, Proctor, confident of success, began a siege. The story of the attempt to gain Fort Meigs reads almost like a romance, though a romance of a terrible kind. Indians and white men fought one an-

other after the manner related by Cooper in his novels. Finally, however, twelve hundred men from Kentucky started to Harrison's aid, and though many were killed on the march they drove away at last the besieging army.

Something of the spirit that animated General Harrison may be understood from the following extract from an address which he delivered to his soldiers:—

“Can the citizens of a free country, who have taken arms to defend its rights, think of submitting to an army composed of mercenary soldiers, reluctant Canadians goaded to the field by the bayonet, and of wretched, naked savages? Can the breast of an American soldier when he casts his eyes to the opposite shore, the scene of his country's triumph over the same foe, be influenced by any other feeling than the hope of glory? Is not this army composed of the same materials as that which fought under the immortal Wayne? Yes, fellow-soldiers, your general sees your countenances beam with the same fire he witnessed on that glorious occasion; and although it would be the height of presumption to compare himself with that hero, he boasts of being that hero's pupil. To your posts then, fellow-citizens, and remember that the eyes of your country are upon you!”

The men responded and Fort Meigs was held.

Again, later in the same year, Proctor attacked Fort Meigs, but was once more driven away. The British general then turned to Fort Stephenson, near the present city of Sandusky. There were only a few defenders in the fort and the commander was young Major Croghan, then but twenty-one years of age.¹ So brave, however,

¹ See p. 110.

was the boy officer and so skillful was his defense, that the fort was held despite the efforts of the savages and redcoats to gain it.

It was chiefly owing to the urgent recommendations of General Harrison that a fleet was built and placed on Lake Erie. This fleet, as we know, was in command of young Commodore Perry (though at the time he was not a "commander"), and his victory over the British fleet in the memorable battle of September 10, 1813, is well known. This victory caused Proctor to hasten back into Canada. Harrison eagerly embarked all his own men on Perry's fleet and at once set sail in pursuit. He had the advantage now and was determined to make the most of it.

His army overtook Proctor at the Thames River. Although the British general knew that he and his men were in no condition to fight, he was forced into a battle by the American advance. British, Americans, and Indians all fought desperately; in the end the American soldiers were victorious and a large number of the British became prisoners in their hands. It was in this battle that Tecumseh fell, and with his fall the leadership of the Indians was gone. Tecumseh had been first, and there was no second. By whose hand the great Indian was shot no one positively knew, but the common story of the time was that Tecumseh had wounded Colonel Johnson with a rifle bullet, and was just springing forward to complete his work with a tomahawk, when the colonel drew his pistol from his belt and at the first shot killed the great chief.

The battle of the Thames practically ended the war

in the Northwest. Detroit and Michigan were now once more in the possession of the Americans, and were there to stay. The outlying posts and small forts were still to be protected, but the heavy fighting was over.

It was then that the incompetent Secretary of War, Armstrong, once more showed his absolute unfitness for the place he was holding. He disliked the successful

general, and so petty was his treatment of General Harrison that that soldier abruptly resigned his commission, greatly to the regret of President Madison. As the end of the war came not long afterward, the effect of Harrison's withdrawal was not so disastrous as at first it was feared it would be.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

General Harrison retired to his home in Indiana and was successively chosen a member of Congress, a member of the Ohio Senate, a member of the United States Senate, and minister to the Republic of Colombia. For a time after this last appointment he lived in his quiet home at North Bend, Indiana, but in December, 1839, he was nominated for the presidency of the United States.

It was a very exciting campaign that followed. Mass meetings, processions, and popular songs were then first

brought into general use in a political campaign. Harrison's friends made much of his victory over the Indians in the battle of Tippecanoe, and soon the popular cry of his party was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

The enemies of Harrison also made much of the fact that he dwelt in a log house and drank "hard cider." Like many of the great political or religious bodies which have made a title of honor of a name first given them in derision or reproach, so General Harrison's followers at once began to make much of the "log cabin" and the "hard cider." The expression became one of the watchwords of the party, and log cabins were carried through the streets of the cities in the political processions.

At last the exciting campaign was ended. When the electoral votes were counted, it was found that Harrison had received two hundred and thirty-four to sixty cast for his opponent, Van Buren. Great was the rejoicing throughout the land when the result became known.

General Harrison selected an excellent cabinet and great things were expected of his administration, even by his political enemies; but within a month, before he had an opportunity even to declare what his plans were to be, he was suddenly stricken ill and died after eight days. It was supposed at the time that the excitement and fatigue of the campaign had proved to be more than he could bear.

General Harrison was a tall man, slender in person, and with dark eyes, keen and intelligent. He was quiet in his life and simple in his habits. He was generous, and easily made and retained friends. A plain,

practical, honest man, he was a leader whom the people still felt to be one of them. His rugged honesty was one of his strongest points. He was patient when troubles came, and calm and resolute when action was demanded.

AROUSING THE CREEKS

ONE of the forgotten, or at least ignored, chapters of the second struggle with England is what was known as the Creek War. These powerful Indians, dwelling in what is now the southern part of our country, were incited to the struggle by the British; and the anger of our countrymen against the redcoats was thereby greatly increased, though why it should have been is not to be clearly perceived. War at its best is horrible, but when two nations have entered into a contest it is only natural that each should strive to weaken the other. When the British endeavored to divide the attention of our armies, and by creating trouble in the South to draw away a part of the forces in the North, perhaps they were doing no more than we would have done under similar circumstances. The fault does not lie in the men, but in the fact of war itself, which ever arouses many of the evil passions that lie dormant in the piping times of peace. But civilized nations are supposed to act fairly even in war.

Mississippi at this time was already a territory, having been organized in 1798, and was proud of its assembly and its full territorial privileges.

By an act of Georgia, in the spring of 1802, nearly a hundred thousand square miles, the present state of Alabama, came into the possession of the United States.

This region was sparsely settled by the white people, though the Indians there were numerous and powerful. In the east were the Creeks and Cherokees, and in the west the Choctaws and the Chickasaws.

France had owned the vast valley of the Mississippi and the domain watered by its tributaries. This somewhat dimly defined region was supposed to extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the forty-ninth parallel of latitude and westward to the Pacific Ocean, or South Sea, as it was then called. In 1763, weakened by her unsuccessful war, France ceded to England all of the country east of the Mississippi except Florida, and to Spain all west of the Mississippi.

In 1802 the Americans learned with indignation that Spain, in a secret treaty, had given to France all of Louisiana and East and West Florida. This enabled France to gain control of the navigation of the lower Mississippi, and thereby to be a perpetual menace to the United States.

Thomas Jefferson, then President, was the first to foresee clearly how serious this would be for the United States, and he at once entered into negotiations through Mr. Livingston, who was then our ambassador to France, for the purchase of the Louisiana region.

By wise and careful labors, aided perhaps by the threat of a secret alliance with Great Britain, the Americans succeeded in their efforts, and were gratified to learn that the French were ready to sell Louisiana for the sum of fifteen million dollars. The purchase was speedily effected. It was then that Bonaparte uttered that oft-quoted saying, "This accession of territory

strengthens forever the power of the United States; and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

But the Spaniards were exceedingly jealous of these transactions. Florida had not been taken from them, yet they were fearful to act at once in collusion with our enemy in the War of 1812. Many threatened complications arose. It is true that before the war measures had been taken by the United States for the acquisition of Florida; notwithstanding this fact, and the fact that Louisiana was admitted as a state on the 8th of April, 1812, the Spaniards began an insurrection. They withdrew to Pensacola, and began to plot with the British, who were also anxious to take advantage of the situation.

In the autumn of 1812, after Hull had surrendered the Michigan territory to the English, Tecumseh, already known to the southern Indians, once more came south and brought with him his brother, the "Prophet," and thirty picked warriors.

There is little doubt to-day that this great red man was a true patriot. True to his country and his countrymen, he had watched with an ever increasing fear the inroads of the white men. He had seen them steadily pushing their way to the west, and to him it seemed only a matter of a short time before the red men must all be driven from their homes. Tecumseh looked upon himself as the chosen leader. It is true he was aided by the British and was quick to accept the help they offered. He had not any more affection for them, however, than he had for our settlers. What he wanted was

to rid the land of them all, and to accomplish this he used the best means at hand. If he had succeeded against our settlers, there can be little doubt that he would next have turned against the British. Great as were his efforts, they were destined to fail. The patriot, no less a patriot because he fought against our armies, was vanquished. I trust that to-day we are large-minded enough to see his true spirit and to honor his motives, enemy though he was.

Tecumseh and his little band made the long voyage of a thousand miles down the great river in canoes, and late in October reached the tribe of the Creeks. Here Tecumseh addressed a large assembly. The Choctaws and Chickasaws refused to listen to his words, but the Creeks and Seminoles were ready to do his bidding. His eloquence and the eloquence of his brother, his fame and zeal, and above all, his burning enthusiasm, were in his favor. Small wonder it is that the red men, troubled as they were by the same fears which were troubling him, listened eagerly. Their homes, too, were in danger. They all felt that the white man was pushing them steadily away from the land of their fathers. Something must be done to prevent this.

Tecumseh next crossed the Coosa and went on to Toockabatcha, the ancient capital of the Creek nation. There Colonel Hawkins, the United States Indian Agent, in recognition of the coming of Tecumseh, called a great council in the hope that his presence would be able to prevent the threatened revolt. Five thousand Indians responded to the call, and many negroes and white men were in the assembly to hear the famous leader.

During the proceedings of the first day, the chief and his warriors modestly remained on the outskirts of the crowd. Then they advanced silently into the center of the square. They wore the tails of animals suspended from their waists and from their arms. Their faces were painted black, and their heads were adorned with eagles' feathers. Rich ornaments glittered upon their bodies. Sternly and with great dignity they marched in silence several times around the square. Then they solemnly approached each chief of the Creeks and gave him the Indian salutation, a shake of the hand at arm's length, and exchanged tobacco, the token of enduring friendship.

In this manner, Tecumseh came each day to the square until Hawkins, having no further fear of his unfriendly intentions, departed. When he was gone, the great Indian was silent no longer.

Before the vast assembly Tecumseh broke forth in fiery eloquence. He pointed with scorn at the Indians learning to till the soil. The loom and the plow, he said, were not the implements for braves. Such work was for squaws and white men only. He recalled how grasping and cruel the white men had been, and in burning words foretold the slavery and extinction that faced the red men. He urged them to rouse themselves to battle. The bow and the arrow, the club and the scalping knife, were their protections, and these he incited them to use.

Then Tecumseh, drawing his eloquent speech to a close, told his listeners that he had come from the far-distant lakes, at the instigation of their friends, the

British. They, he said, had begged him to come and to summon the red man to the war path, there to drive the white man either into the sea or across it to the land whence he had come and where he should have remained.

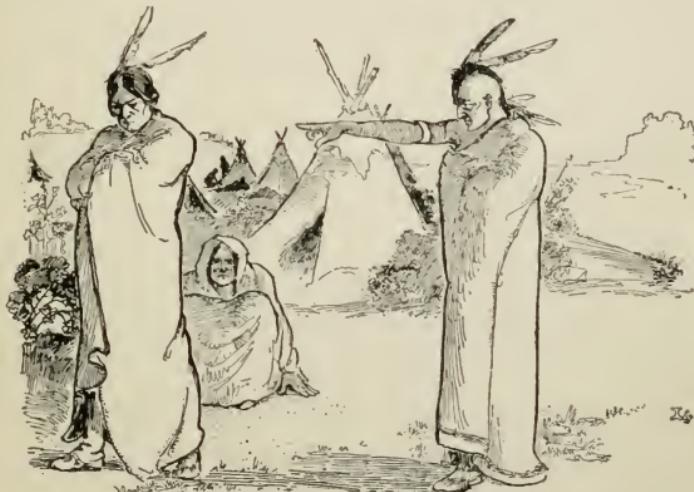
It was a wonderful speech, and the glowing faces in the assembly clearly showed that they were impressed by what they had heard. Some there were, however, who wavered. These the "Prophet" told of a comet soon to appear. "This long arm in the sky," he declared, "will be the sign to commence war." It was almost morning when the assembly broke up, determined to act when the sign should appear in the heavens.

Tecumseh then continued on his way, visiting all the leading Creek towns and gaining followers every day. Some there were who withstood him. One of these was an influential chief named Tustinuggee-Thlucco, who resisted him face to face. Angered at his persistent refusals to join him, Tecumseh at last, pointing his finger at the face of the chief, shouted derisively: "Tustinuggee-Thlucco, your blood is white! You have taken my Red Sticks and my talk, but you do not mean to fight. I know the reason. You do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me. You shall believe it. I will leave directly and go straight to Detroit. When I get there, I will stamp my foot on the ground and shake down every house in Toockabatcha."

Even Tustinuggee-Thlucco was troubled afterward when a comet appeared in the sky. An earthquake made the village houses shake, and the Indians cried: "Tecumseh is in Detroit! Tecumseh is in Detroit! We feel the stamp of his foot!" But Tustinuggee did

not change in his determination and remained to the end a friend to the United States.

Small is the wonder, then, that the Creek nation entered upon the war. To them the call of Tecumseh was the summons of the Great Spirit. The time had come for them to rise and to drive the white men from the homes of their ancestors forever. The Creek War speedily followed.



“TUSTINUGGEE-THLUCCO, YOUR BLOOD IS WHITE!”

Though it was brought to an end by the energy of Andrew Jackson, it entailed suffering and loss beyond description. The Indians themselves suffered more than any others. Massacres and battles followed, and though many a man white or red displayed a heroism of the highest order, they endured what war ever brings,—suffering, sorrow, and loss. The white people fled from their homes to the forts. Families were broken forever, homes were destroyed, and many of the survivors bore to their graves traces of the awful struggle.

Though at last it was brought to an end, this part of the War of 1812 was carried on differently from border warfare in the North. As an instance of the kind of contests that took place, the following story has been introduced.

DOGS OF WAR

THE Indian runner Nahhee had just returned from Fort Madison, Alabama. He was a friendly or "Tory" Creek, and his appearance at once indicated that something of unusual importance had occurred. The sun was low in the western sky on this last day of August, 1813, when the nearly exhausted Indian came within the stockade and a crowd quickly assembled about him.

Nor was their interest born of idle curiosity. As soon as the scout had given his message, a wild panic took place. In the dim light, Colonel Carson's face was seen to become deadly pale, and the men glanced at one another, showing only too plainly the alarm they all felt. Women began to scream, and children, frightened by the actions of their elders, grasped their mothers' skirts and added their cries to the confusion. For some time the wildest terror prevailed, and moans and sobs and shrieks were heard on every side.

"This will never do," said Colonel Carson, as soon as he had recovered from his first alarm. "The Prophet can hear us clear over to Wolf's Den, and we shall only invite him to send his Red Sticks after us. We must get the women and children into the blockhouse, and then see what can be done."

The first outburst of terror had begun to subside by this time, and most of the inmates of the fort were soon

assembled inside the blockhouse and the defenses were carefully looked to. Then the colonel, summoning Lieutenant Bailey and Isaac Hayden, along with Nahhee, whose news had been the cause of the panic, withdrew to the well inside the stockade, to talk over the report and to decide what was best to be done.

"Men, Fort Mims has fallen," said the colonel, sadly, "and only about a dozen have escaped. Why, there must have been at least five hundred people there."

"Five hundred and fifty," said Isaac Hayden, briefly.

"Who led the Creeks?" asked the colonel, turning sharply to Nahhee.

"Hoponika Futsahia" (Red Eagle).

"I trust this will satisfy these British officers and treacherous Spaniards at Pensacola!" said the colonel, bitterly. "I understand they have offered five dollars for every white scalp brought in, whether it belonged to man, woman, or child. It's small comfort to know that four hundred Indians fell in their attack on Mims, but I'm not sorry to hear it."

The next day the report was brought that the band of the treacherous Indian Francis had fallen upon the unprotected families of Ransom Kimbell and Abner James, who, in spite of all warnings, had remained in their homes in Bassett's Creek Valley and refused to accept the refuge of Sinquefield, as the stockade which had been erected about the house of a settler of that name was called. This "fort" was about ten miles north of Fort Madison, and near to the homes of Kimbell and James, and many of the settlers in the region had sought its shelter. But these had not heeded the warning words, and as a consequence

twelve had been slain and scalped by the bloodthirsty Indians, led by the fanatical prophet Francis.

This report again aroused the fears of the refugees at Fort Madison. Colonel Carson, who had now fully recovered, determined that a small body of men should be dispatched to the aid of Fort Sinquefield. He was positive that this place would be the next attacked, and it had only fifteen arms-bearing men there to defend it.

Accordingly, a band of eleven picked men was selected, led by Lieutenant Bailey. They were mounted and well equipped. Among them was Isaac Hayden, who was immediately sent out to relieve the neighboring fort.

As soon as the party arrived at Fort Sinquefield, some of the garrison bravely took an ox-cart and went with the volunteers to the house of Ransom Kimbell and brought back to the fort for burial the twelve dead bodies.

At about eleven o'clock on the morning of September 2, 1813, many of the inmates of the fort were standing about the newly made graves engaged in the last sad rites for the dead. Several of the women had taken buckets and gone for water to the spring in one of the valleys about two hundred and seventy-five yards distant from the stockade. The guards who attended them had gone only halfway down the hill and were seated on a log, watching the women and frequently glancing at the men who were filling in the graves of the dead. In front of the west gate were an old man named Charles Phillips and young Isham Kimbell, a boy of sixteen, who had escaped the massacre in which the other

members of his family had perished. The older man was listening to the words of his young companion as he told of his capture, the butchery, and his own escape.

"My little brother was with me," said Isham, "and we were out in the blacksmith shop about a hundred and fifty yards from the house. We were not much afraid, for father laughed at the fears of the neighbors, and declared the Indians would never touch him. He had always fed them when they had come to the clearing. My little brother and I were working in the shop, when suddenly we heard guns. We looked up and saw the yard full of Indians. They were yelling and swinging their clubs, and before I could say a word I saw mother and two of the children knocked down and their scalps cut off. Oh, it was horrible!" and Isham shuddered and stopped for a moment in his story. Soon regaining his composure, he went on: "We started in a hurry for this place. Of course, we kept out of the road, but the Red Sticks saw us and set up a yell and fired at us. We could hear the bullets as they whistled over our heads, and we saw them cut the bushes at our feet. For some reason we were not followed, and we kept on running as we never had run before in our lives. When we got to the brook I tripped and fell, and when I got up again my little brother had disappeared. I looked and searched, but not a trace of him could I find. It seemed just as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. I wonder if I ever shall see him again." This question was never answered. Of his little brother, Isham Kimbell never heard a word.

“Satisfied after a little,” Isham resumed, “that I could not find him, I kept on toward the fort, but I seemed to have lost the way. I couldn’t tell for the life of me in which direction to go, though I thought I knew all this country as I did my father’s dooryard. I climbed up a long pine tree that had fallen, but I heard some of the Indians talking out in the road, and I jumped down a good deal quicker than I had climbed up. I don’t much recollect what I did then, and I don’t know what would have become of me if Tom Matlock hadn’t found me and brought me into the fort.”

“Poor boy,” said the old man, sympathetically. “But look over there in the woods! Did you ever see such a flock of turkeys in your life?”

“Where? Where?” said Isham, quickly; and he looked carefully in the direction in which his companion pointed. He was silent for a moment, and then, suddenly leaping to his feet, he said: “They’re not turkeys! They’re Indians, crouching low and coming toward us!” And leaving the old man he ran toward the men at the graves, shouting: “Indians! Indians! The Red Sticks are coming! Run! Run for your lives! The Indians will get you!”

The shrill cry of Isham was heard by all who were outside the fort. The work at the graves had just been completed, and the party was lingering for a moment, silent and sad. The fearful cry of “Indians!” rudely broke in upon their meditations, and they rushed madly for the gate. Could they reach it before the Indians would overtake them? Quickly lifting the little children to their shoulders, or dragging them by the arms,

they rushed over the rough ground, fearful every moment that the savage Creeks would intercept them, and would cut off their flight.

The guard upon the hillside, forgetful of the women at the spring whom they had been sent to protect, joined in the mad rush, apparently intent only upon gaining for themselves the shelter of the stockade. The women also had heard the cry, and with all the strength they could muster, began their flight up the long hill toward the fort.

The Creeks, as soon as they saw that their presence was known, abandoned their crouching postures, and with yells that struck terror to the hearts of the fleeing women, began to run with almost incredible swiftness. They were striving desperately to intercept those who were returning from the graves.

Meanwhile Isaac Hayden stood by the open gate ready to receive the fugitives and then to close it in the faces of the cruel savages. He swiftly glanced from one fleeing party to another, and tried to measure their chances of success. The scene before him was like a nightmare. To the agonized soldier, the runners seemed scarcely to move. Almost dazed, he watched the pursuing Creeks.

There were more than a hundred of them, and now he could plainly see their faces, painted black, and the upright chaplets of turkey feathers upon their heads. He noticed also that many of them had cows' tails tied to each arm, the long hairs hanging down over their wrists. In front of them ran the prophets, waving from bright red staffs cows' tails colored an even more bril-

liant red than the staffs themselves. The scene was appalling, and the brave-hearted Isaac was almost beside himself as he realized his own helplessness, and felt with certainty that some of his people would fail to gain the shelter of the fort.

Suddenly the Indians changed their course. With louder yells and increased speed they abandoned the party returning from the graves. They saw that they would not reach the gate first. They had caught sight of the women returning from the spring, and certain now that they had found easy victims, they started after them.

"Nothing can save the women," groaned the watching Isaac. "They're sure to be cut off. Isn't there something I can do to help them?"

He glanced once more about him, and suddenly saw what he must do. Leaping quickly upon the back of a horse tied near him, he called to the dogs inside the fort and started toward the Indians. There were about sixty of these dogs, many of them large and savage. Some were bloodhounds and could be depended upon for bloody work, and even the curs, as the yelping mass followed Isaac Hayden in his pursuit, seemed to have caught something of the excitement. The Indians were soon overtaken and compelled to halt and defend themselves against the savage fury of the brutes.

"Sic 'em, Maje! Go for them, Carlo!" shouted the excited soldier as he saw the dogs leap for the Indians, and drag warrior after warrior to the ground. He stopped for a moment to watch the strange and savage contest. The Indians were fighting desperately; with

their clubs they brained many of the dogs, and sent others yelping into the forest with broken legs and battered bodies.

But not all the Indians were engaged in this contest, and as Isaac looked again toward the fleeing women, he saw one hard pressed by a pursuing savage, who as he ran raised his tomahawk aloft ready to sink it into the skull of the terrified woman. Putting spurs to his horse, Hayden swiftly galloped to her rescue, and grasping one of his pistols, he shot the dusky warrior just before the tomahawk fell.

But he breathed a sigh of relief as he perceived that the women were near the gates. The first to enter was a negress, who in her terror still carried upon her head the washpot she had been using at the spring. Another young woman, whose name was Winnie Odom, when near the gate, sank to the ground exhausted. One of the soldiers grasped his gun and rushing outside the gate seized her by the hair and dragged her inside the inclosure.

All the women but one were now in. She had not been able to run as rapidly as the others, and three warriors had intercepted her flight; before anything could be done to protect her, one had killed her with his tomahawk and torn off her bleeding scalp.

Isaac Hayden in the confusion scarce knew what to do. All who had gained the fort were safe, and for a moment he was tempted to make for the woods; but, hardly knowing what he was doing, he put his horse into a run, and circled the stockade. Just as he finished the course and dashed through the gate a volley was fired by the Indians, who had now beaten off the dogs and were



THE DOGS LEAPED FOR THE INDIANS.

ready to attack the fort. His horse fell at his feet, and later they counted five bullet holes in the coat of the intrepid Isaac, but he himself escaped unharmed. The gate was quickly closed and preparations at once made to withstand the siege.

The women and children immediately began to mold bullets, and the men steadily returned the fire of the savages. The attack was kept up for two hours before the ardor of the Indians began to cool. They were much better in a quick attack than in a long-continued siege. One or two of the defenders had been shot, and many of the Indians had fallen, but just how many was not known until later. The last shot was fired by John Woods.

The attack had ended about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the Creeks left at once. In the course of an hour some of the soldiers followed on their trail, but soon came back to the fort.

As all were afraid the Indians would return, the families began at once to leave for Fort Madison, where they all assembled that night. On the following day the soldiers also came to Fort Madison and Sinquefield was abandoned.

“What became of those dogs, Mr. Hayden?” inquired young Isham Kimbell, when all the refugees were safe within Fort Madison.

“Oh, I saw them outside the stockade,” replied Isaac, “but they were thoroughly cowed. Perhaps the noise of the guns frightened them. At any rate, they soon made for the woods, and that was the last I saw of them.”

And that was the last any one saw of them, save as occasionally in after years some hunter would meet some strange animal in the forests, which he knew not whether to call a dog or a wolf. They were savage creatures, but always seemed to be afraid of men.

They were not molested, and came to be known throughout that part of Alabama as "Isaac Hayden's dogs of war." They were remembered and in a measure protected because of the work they had done at Fort Sinquefield.

ANDREW JACKSON

THE name by which Andrew Jackson was commonly known in his own day was "Old Hickory." This better describes his character than a long account of his virtues and defects could do. Honest, strong in his opinions, Jackson was never willing to give up a line of action once determined upon. From the beginning to its close his life was one of unbroken struggle against obstacles and enemies. If ever a man might serve as an incentive to boys to persevere and to battle with "ill luck," that man was Andrew Jackson. He knew the meaning of poverty and hardship in their most bitter forms. He had no father to aid him, and no friends to give him a start in life. Whatever he won he had to win for himself, and his success was due not to the favors of others but to his energy and to his own strong will. He was indeed like a hickory bow — tough, strong, and not easily broken.

Andrew Jackson was born, after the death of his father, in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. He was a mischievous, generous, resolute boy, more fond of athletic sports than of his books. When still a young boy he went, with his brother Robert, to join Sumter's army. Very soon both he and Robert were prisoners in the hands of the British. The incident in which young Andrew, then only thirteen years of age, boldly declined to clean

the muddy boots of the British officer in command, although he received a sword cut for his refusal, is doubtless familiar to every schoolboy. The mother of the boys was as strong in her zeal as were her sons, and hearing of the illness of the American prisoners at Charleston, she went there to aid as a nurse. Prison fever seized upon her there and she died, leaving Andrew Jackson an orphan.

Destitute and alone, young Jackson's was a hard struggle after the close of the War of the Revolution. He worked in a harness shop, he taught school, he did anything that he could to earn a living. Before he was eighteen years of age he had resolved to become a lawyer.

The old stories inform us that he was not a very diligent student. The times were rough and there were few restraining influences about the young man, so perhaps we must have some charity for him if he spent much of his time in sports and contests that would not be approved to-day. It was not because of these things but in spite of them that, before he was twenty years of age, he was admitted to the bar. When he was twenty-two he was appointed public prosecutor for the western district of North Carolina — what is now the state of Tennessee. At this time he threw himself into his labors and did an amount of work that seems almost incredible.

When the War of 1812 broke out, Jackson, who for several years had been a leader of the militia, promptly offered to the government his services and those of the fifteen hundred men in his division. His offer was

accepted at once, but months passed before the order came for men to proceed to New Orleans.

It was in the month of October that the order was at last given, and a force of two thousand and seventy men, consisting of infantry and cavalry, was organized. On February 15 the little army had assembled at Natchez, but there it was held by the order of General Wilkinson, who, it is claimed, was jealous of young Jackson, and was fearful he himself would lose the position he then held.

Secretary of War Armstrong in March ordered Jackson to dismiss his corps. Amazed and disheartened, not being able to understand what it all meant, Andrew Jackson disobeyed the order, and did not disband his men until he had marched his troops back to Tennessee. Unwilling to give up even after his return, Jackson offered his troops for an invasion of Canada. Had that commission been assigned to him, it is more than probable that the history of that sad year of 1813 would read very differently. Secretary Armstrong apparently was not able to appreciate the man any more than he did the demands of the war itself, and so the offer was declined, and in May Jackson's men were dismissed. Even the payment of the money which had been used in providing for the march of his men was refused, and Jackson himself became responsible for it. "Justice" was tardily done afterward, however, when such a storm of protests swept upon the incompetent Secretary of War that not even he was long able to withstand it.

In August, 1813, the terrible massacre of Fort Mims occurred. The southern Indians had been aroused against the Americans by the Spaniards and British,

and by the visit of Tecumseh and his brother. The white men of the entire region were greatly excited by the deeds of the Indians, and it was soon determined to take a stand against them. Andrew Jackson, too ill to leave his bed, assisted, nevertheless, in raising the required number of men, and in October, still suffering and physically unfit to assume command, started with his men for Alabama. There the Creek Indians were waging frightful war.

To that region Andrew Jackson led his men, and planned his campaign so successfully that in April, 1814, the Indian chiefs were completely defeated and peace was declared.

Andrew Jackson's name was now known throughout the country, and on the last day of May, 1814, his appointment as a major-general in the army of the United States was officially announced. There was great need at that time of just such a man in the southern part of the country. The British were preparing for an active campaign. Florida was then a Spanish possession. The Indians were only too ready to seek revenge for their recent defeat, and gladly became allies of the English. All together, the difficulties that beset Jackson were appalling.

Jackson had not been treated well by the war department of his own country, as we already know, but he hated the English with a bitter hatred. It was because of them that he had been left alone in the world. His mother and brother had died from the hardships of the War of the Revolution, and he himself still cherished the memory of what he as a boy had suffered. All

this perhaps was unreasonable on the part of Jackson, but it serves to explain a part of the tremendous energy he displayed against the men who were at war with his country.

After holding and then strengthening Mobile, Jackson, directly against the orders of the Secretary of War, who was fearful that the act would not be upheld by the country and might make trouble with another nation, moved upon the town of Pensacola, then held by the Spaniards. The men there had been giving aid to the British, and to prevent further hostile acts and to protect himself as well, he had resolved to take the place, *and he took it.*

Then, apparently not caring how Armstrong, or all the world for the matter of that, looked upon his deed, Jackson started for New Orleans, which it was commonly understood would soon be attacked by the enemy. There were foes within and foes without the town, and no one will ever understand all that the intrepid commander had to contend with, but he was "Old Hickory" still. He succeeded in entering the city before the coming of the British, and at once prepared for the battle which he was fully convinced must soon come.

A few miles below the city there was a narrow passage between a vast swamp and the Mississippi River. There he put up a line of intrenchments and held his ground while the hardy frontier riflemen from Kentucky and Tennessee hastened down the river to his aid.

The British expedition, led by Sir Edward Pakenham, entered Lake Borgne in December, 1814, captured the few American gunboats there, and then landed below

Jackson's works, confident of an easy victory to follow. And well might he have felt confident. He had twelve thousand trained and disciplined soldiers, while the Americans were rough and without discipline, and led by a man of whom little was known. Of this leader, however, the British were soon to know more.

Skirmishes and night attacks began. On January 8, 1815, the entire British line, covered by a dense fog, advanced to attack Jackson's works. Among Jackson's men there was a deep and intense silence as the redcoats moved forward until within close range. Then, as years before at Bunker Hill, the fire of the hunters and farmers was poured into the ranks of the enemy. Whole platoons fell as if every man had been struck dead. The slaughter was terrible—awful. Within twenty-five minutes the remnant of the British line was in full retreat. Their commander and twenty-five hundred of his men were lost. The Americans lost eight men killed and thirteen wounded. The British soon returned to their ships and set sail for the West Indies. The victory was one of the greatest in the history of the world. It had occurred after peace had been declared, but no one in America, of course, was at the time aware of that fact.

Naturally Andrew Jackson became very popular with the nation after his marvelous victory at New Orleans, and when near the close of the year 1817 he conquered, in Florida, the Seminoles, who had been a source of great trouble, his popularity was still further increased. In the end, Spain ceded Florida to the United States. This was in 1821, and Jackson was the first governor of the newly acquired territory.



From the painting by Custer.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

In 1823 Tennessee elected him United States senator, and even nominated him for the presidency. At first many people smiled at the thought of Andrew Jackson becoming a president, for he was rough in many ways, without the training of the schools, and even, it is said, without much knowledge of his mother tongue. But after all he was a man of the people, honest, fearless, and determined; and very soon the matter was looked at in another and very different light. In 1829 he did indeed become President of these United States, and four years afterward was reelected to the same office.

The country was wonderfully prosperous during his administration, though of course it was not due entirely to Jackson himself. Locomotive engines began then to be used, and the new railways, of which there were more than fifteen hundred miles before the end of his second term, did very much to stimulate business and the enterprise of the people. New states were admitted to the Union, newspapers began to flourish, and the life of the nation then became for the first time somewhat like that which we see and know in our own day.

After his second term expired, Andrew Jackson retired to his home on his plantation near Nashville, Tennessee, "The Hermitage," as the place was called, and there he died in 1845.

"Old Hickory" is the expression which best of all describes him. He was always and everywhere intensely honest, and he would have no men as friends in whose honesty he could not firmly believe. Whenever he made friends he was hickory-like in his devotion and attachment to them. He was always determined to have

his own way, although it was claimed that sometimes his friends succeeded in making him believe that their way was his. He routed all opposition, and he showed in his public life the same qualities he displayed in battle.

With all his faults he was a man of whom all Americans can well feel proud, and whose secret of success all young Americans can do well to ponder. There are worse nicknames than "Old Hickory."



THE HERMITAGE.

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARKNESS

“WE’RE running a great risk, boys.”

“That’s so, but it can’t be avoided.”

“There’s one comfort, though; both fleets are off Niagara now.”

“If all reports are true, there are enough left here-about to make things lively for us if they once get a sight of us. Still, we shan’t surrender; we’ll have to be taken.” The speakers were three young men, who had just set sail from Oswego, hoping to make their way to Sackett’s Harbor in a little catboat.

It was the 9th of August, 1814. In the earlier part of the season the fleet of Sir James Yeo had been cruising in the eastern part of Lake Ontario. The success which had at last crowned the efforts of Commodore Chauncey at Sackett’s Harbor had permitted the fleet to put to sea. Both the British and American commanders had sailed for Niagara, but not all the boats had gone.

Abram Shoemaker, John, his younger brother, and Elijah Sargent were well aware, when they departed from Oswego that August morning in 1814, that trouble might befall them before they arrived at their destination. Abram was a young giant, and the muscles of his arms and chest stood out in great bunches. He had gone into business for himself just before the war broke

out, and his peculiar sign, "A. Shoemaker, Shoemaker," had made all the passers-by smile as they saw it swinging out over the street in Oswego village. His companions were younger than he, and could not boast so great physical strength. Abram was the acknowledged leader.

The breeze was fresh and strong. Oswego faded from their sight. As they sailed on and the hours passed, and nothing occurred to alarm them, their spirits rose, and they began to hope that this good fortune would continue to the end. They sang war songs, talked over



Redrawn from an old print.

THE SOUTH VIEW OF OSWEGO ON LAKE ONTARIO.

the exciting events of the war, and were soon having almost as good a time as if they had set sail only for pleasure.

About the middle of the afternoon, however, a sudden change occurred. They were off Stony Point, and the wind had almost died away. They were just deliberating whether to use oars or not, when Elijah suddenly exclaimed:—

"That's a barge off there to the left, or I'm greatly mistaken."

His companions quickly looked in the direction he indicated, and could plainly see off the point a barge coming directly toward them.

"Abram, hadn't we better put about and go back to Oswego? We can't pass 'em, and they'll be sure to get us if we go on," said John.

"No!" replied Abram, decidedly. "You take the tiller, John, and give me an oar. Elijah, you and I will pull past them."

It was soon evident that the barge was in pursuit of them and the race became exciting. The wind was gone and their only reliance was their oars. Both Abram and Elijah were soon pulling at them as if life itself depended upon their efforts. The perspiration rolled down their faces, the veins stood out on their foreheads, their hands became blistered and sore, but still they rowed on.

"They're gaining, Abram, they're gaining!" groaned John, as he glanced behind him at the pursuing barge.

Abram made no response, save to close his mouth more decidedly and to put fresh strength into his efforts. John relieved the almost exhausted Elijah, and for a time they apparently held their own. Soon, however, the barge could be seen more distinctly. There were nine men on board. What chances could the three young men have against them? John groaned as he thought of their helplessness, but he did not relax his efforts. The catboat sped on. The surface of the lake was like glass; the air had become sultry and hot.

"Not yet, my hearty," said Abram, as a puff of smoke rose from the barge. "Maybe we'll heave to a little later, but not now."

The ball had either fallen short or gone wide of the mark, but Abram well knew that it was only a question of a short time before they must be overtaken. Still he rowed on, vainly hoping that some aid would appear. They were so far out in the lake that if they should attempt to make for the shore they would surely be intercepted by the barge. A good breeze might save them, but not a puff of wind came over the water. Everything seemed to be against them, and the barge itself crept steadily nearer and nearer.

Again a puff of smoke arose from it, and this time the ball struck the water so near them that the three young men could perceive they were within range.

"The game's up, boys. No wind, no help, no anything. We're just run down like a woodchuck run down by a dog. I don't want your blood on my hands; we'll quit," said Abram, and his companions, panting and breathless, obeyed.

A shout could now be heard from the men in the barge, and in a few minutes they swept alongside the catboat.

"You're my prisoners," said the young lieutenant of marines as he stepped on board.

"That's no news," growled Abram sullenly in reply.

The young lieutenant laughed, and soon transferred four of his men to the catboat. A little skiff was taken in tow, and then, turning to the five men who were still in the barge, the British officer gave orders for them to return to the gunboat. Abram could see the gunboat now, and there were two other barges on the lake. It was the fortune of war, and he must bear it as others had.

He watched the young officer, happy in his first cap-

ture, and his anger increased. The prospect of being shut up in a British prison was not pleasant. But what could be done to prevent it? Apparently, nothing. The captors were armed, the boys' guns had been taken from them, and not more than a mile away was the British gunboat and the barges.

Abram said nothing, however, but took his seat beside John and watched the men. There was no wind. At the command of the lieutenant two men took their places and began to row slowly toward the gunboat.

"There's no hurry, men. These fellows won't run away, and it'll be cooler soon. The sun's down now."

Abram turned to follow the lieutenant's words. Yes, the sun had disappeared, but he could see that they were nearer the gunboat, and soon he and his companions would be shut up on board. He felt almost desperate enough to enter single-handed into a contest with the men, but a glance at their cutlasses and pistols showed him only too clearly the folly of such an attempt. Apparently nothing could be done, and "A. Shoemaker, Shoemaker," was almost in despair.

"Ho, there's a breath of air," said the lieutenant, rising for a moment. "If the wind starts up, we'll stop rowing."

Abram arose, too. Yes, far out on the lake there was a little puff. He could tell it even in the dusk, but he did not believe it was going to blow much. He was looking away to the west, but he was none the less aware that the young officer was standing directly behind him with one foot on the seat and the other on the bottom of the boat.

Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, Abram turned, and with one quick push sent the lieutenant overboard. As the man fell with a splash into the lake, Abram turned again, and shouting, "Come on, boys,"



WITH ONE QUICK PUSH ABRAM SENT THE LIEUTENANT OVERBOARD.

seized a belaying pin and stretched the first sailor before him senseless on the deck.

The little catboat at once became a scene of confusion. Abram's startled companions recovered from their

astonishment sufficiently to enter with him into the struggle. It was man against man now, three on each side, the lieutenant having succeeded only in grasping the rudder with his hands and not being able to clamber up on board.

A blow from a cutlass fell upon Abram's shoulder, but he was not conscious of any pain. Shouts and calls arose as the men struggled desperately for the control of the catboat. Now up and now down, now almost thrown into the water and now held back over the rail, the men fought in their fierce contest. Abram succeeded in binding the arms of the man with whom he had been struggling, and was about to turn to the aid of his brother, when he suddenly heard a call and a shot in the distance. Without doubt one of the other barges had heard the noise of the contest, and was coming to the aid of the catboat.

Oh, for a breath of wind! But the air was motionless. The dusk had deepened until neither the gunboat nor the barge could be seen. At any moment they might approach, and then the struggle would be over, and the condition of the prisoners would be far worse than before. Something must be done at once.

These thoughts flashed through Abram's mind in an instant, and as he grasped the man with whom John was struggling, he said quickly to his brother: "Throw every oar on the catboat into the skiff. I've got this fellow, and Elijah is settling his. Quick! Don't waste a moment!"

John instantly obeyed. The oars and pistols and cutlasses were transferred, and the three young men hastily

stepped on board. Abram smiled grimly as he thought of the condition of his captors. The lieutenant was still in the water, one sailor was helpless, and the others were bound. If there were only a breeze, he could get away with the boat and prisoners, too.

Abram hesitated a moment even then; but thinking that he heard the sound of oars in the distance, he gave the word, and, rowing desperately, the three men soon disappeared in the darkness.

A half hour later they rested a moment on their oars as a shout came over the water.

"They've found their mates," cried Abram, grimly, "but they'll not find us this night, or my name's not A. Shoemaker."

Nor did the enemy find them. The trio rowed on all through the night. Just as the gray dawn came Sackett's Harbor was seen, and the exhausted men finally entered in safety. They never forgot their adventure in the War of 1812, nor when a half century had passed was there any story that their grandchildren delighted more to hear.

GENERAL JACOB BROWN

ONE of the noblest, ablest, and most modest men who fought for the United States in the War of 1812 was Jacob Brown. He has frequently been likened to, and in many points he was much like, General Nathanael Greene of the War of the Revolution. Both men were strong physically, quiet and unostentatious, pronounced in their convictions, strong in their love of country, and willing to sacrifice all for it. They were both born of Quaker parentage, which did not seem to prevent their entering into a warfare that was opposed to the principles of the Friends. Both these men were stronger in their love of their native land than in their faith in their fathers' creeds, and they both fought bravely when war came. The likeness between these two generals was much commented upon in the early days, and one of the sayings of the times was that "although one was *brown* and the other was *green*, both were true *blue*."

Jacob Brown was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, May 9, 1775. In that beautiful region, amidst the quiet settlement of the Friends, his boyhood was passed. When he was sixteen years of age, an unfortunate turn of affairs in his father's business threw the boy upon his own resources and obliged him to work for himself. Two years later, at the age of eighteen, he became a schoolmaster at Crosswicks, New Jersey. Here he remained for three years.

Then the fever to "go west" seized upon many of Brown's young friends, and he went with them to an unsettled part of the country near Cincinnati. Here he spent two years as a surveyor and then returned east to New York City, and again became engaged in teaching. This was in 1798. At this time it seemed to nearly every one that war with France must come.

The threatened trouble with France did not come, however, and in 1799 Jacob Brown for a very small sum purchased a tract of land lying between the Black River

and the St. Lawrence River near Lake Ontario. In this wilderness he built the first house erected by a white man within thirty miles of the lake. Others followed his example, and soon many settlers built their homes in that region. There sprang up a flourishing little hamlet known to this day as Brownville.



JACOB BROWN.

So active and earnest was Jacob Brown that he soon held many public positions. In 1809 he was appointed a colonel in the New York State militia and in the following year was made a brigadier general. These appointments were directly in the line of his tastes, for he

had already devoted much time to the study of military tactics. He was at that time firmly convinced that war with England was unavoidable. Jacob Brown was not wrong in this belief. In the summer of 1812 war broke out, and he was at once appointed to the command of a brigade. He was to defend that thinly populated territory, almost two hundred miles in extent, whose boundary extended from Oswego to Lake St. Francis. British troops were on the other side of the river. This first campaign consisted mostly of night attacks, in taking and retaking a few prisoners, and in seizing schooners and gunboats. His most serious and successful work was in repelling the attack on Ogdensburg.

When this campaign was ended, he retired to his home in Brownville. This first year of the war had been disastrous to the Americans. They had planned to invade Canada, but this plan had to be given up. The American leaders, for the most part old men, were too content with the reputations they had made in the Revolution to throw themselves with vigor into the War of 1812, and they proved themselves inefficient in this struggle. It was even said of General Hull, who had shown his incompetency at Detroit, that he had sold out to the English general, Brock. A song which bitterly denounced Hull became so popular that even his own soldiers used to sing it in camp. The lines most commonly heard were as follows:—

“ Let William Hull be counted null,¹
A coward and a traitor,
For British gold his army sold
To Brock, the speculator.”

¹ See p. 50.

Although the exact truth as to General Hull is not known, doubtless the rage of the people over his failure somewhat exaggerated the reports, for as a rule a man can be forgiven almost everything except failure.

The first year of the war had, as we have said, been disastrous. The ability displayed by General Brown along the St. Lawrence caused many to turn to him now, and he was not allowed to remain quiet in his country home. In the spring of 1813 most of the troops had been withdrawn from Sackett's Harbor and sent to the upper end of Lake Ontario, where stirring things were being planned. There were, of course, some soldiers left at Sackett's Harbor, but not enough to guard the place. Military stores which had been captured in the successful expedition against York (Toronto) a few weeks before this time were kept at Sackett's Harbor, and there was much alarm lest the British should fall upon the place again. It had once been attacked, and every one had heard how, when the men had assembled on the bluff overlooking the lake and it was found that the few cannon balls they had were too small for the cannon, the women of the town had torn up their rag carpets and even their flannel skirts to wrap the shot in and make it fit the cannon.

There were now fears of a second attack. These proved to be well grounded. Late in May the British were seen approaching in boats, and guns were fired on the shore to give the alarm. Riders were sent in every direction and soon the minutemen had assembled to assist the regulars, and Jacob Brown had been summoned from his home to take command of the little

garrison. The result of the "battle," if battle it can be called, is well described in the letter which General Brown wrote the governor of New York, informing him of the attack:—

"DEAR SIR: We were attacked at the dawn of this day (May 29, 1813) by the British regular force of at least 900 men, most probably 1200. They made good their landing at Horse Island. The enemy's fleet consisted of two ships, four schooners, and thirty large open boats. We are completely victorious. The enemy lost a considerable number of killed and wounded on the field, and among the number several officers of distinction. After having reëmbarked they sent a flag desiring us to have their killed and wounded attended to. I made them satisfied on that subject. *Americans will be distinguished for humanity and bravery.* Our loss is not numerous, but serious from the great worth of those who have fallen. Colonel Mills was shot dead at the commencement, and Colonel Backus of the First Regiment of Light Dragoons nobly fell at the head of his regiment as victory was declaring for us. I will not presume to praise this regiment. Their gallant conduct merits much more than praise. The new ship and Commodore Chauncey's prize, *The Duke of Gloucester*, are yet safe in Sackett's Harbor. Sir George Prevost landed and commanded in person. Sir James Yeo commanded the enemy's fleet.

"In haste, yours,
"JACOB BROWN.

"His Excellency D. D. Tompkins."

It was in this battle that the novel sight was presented of two armies running from each other. The British had landed and were driving back the Americans when General Brown ordered some of his men to advance toward the borders of the surrounding forest. The men were rude farmers, who had been summoned to help defend the post, and were frightened. The British saw them, however, and thinking they were trying to turn their flank and cut them off from their boats, they too turned and ran, and so both armies were fleeing from each other at the same time. This was only an incident, however.

So gallant was the defense that General Brown made, that as a result he was appointed to the position of brigadier general in the regular army. He was soon afterward sent with General Wilkinson down the St. Lawrence River. Wilkinson made a wretched failure of his expedition and was afterward tried by court martial. If Jacob Brown had been in command, the disasters would probably not have occurred ; and, as it was, his fame steadily rose and the confidence in him became general.

In the following year, 1814, General Brown was sent to the upper end of the lake. It had been clear that such defeats as had come to the Americans were due to the inability of the leaders, and not to the lack of bravery of the men. Great things were now expected when Jacob Brown took command. Nor was any one disappointed.

As an example of what he had to contend with, however, it might be stated that Armstrong, the Secretary of War, had ordered General Brown to go from Sackett's

Harbor to Niagara. When the general had gone as far as Batavia, he received word that the secretary had not meant for him to go there at all. He declared that he had supposed Brown would understand without an explanation. So the general marched back to Sackett's Harbor, but no sooner had he arrived there than he received another message that he was to go directly back and rejoin the men whom he had left at Batavia and pro-



THE CHARGE AT CHIPPEWA.

ceed to invade Canada! The wonder to-day is not that General Brown was perplexed, but that he could have succeeded at all with such fickle and incompetent men over him.

Early in July, 1814, General Brown's army crossed the Niagara River from Buffalo and captured Fort Erie. The army then turned to the north and met the British near a little stream called the Chippewa. Something of

the spirit of General Brown now seemed to have entered all the men and soon they drove the redcoats out of their intrenchments, even to the shore of Lake Ontario.

The British were, however, soon reënforced, and turned back to meet General Brown and his army, for never have men enjoyed being defeated by those of the same blood.

On July the 25th the two armies met at Lundy's Lane near Niagara Falls. The battle began at sunset, and the stubborn and determined men fought on until



THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

midnight, neither side knowing just how to stop or give up. Both sides lost very heavily. General Brown and Winfield Scott were terribly wounded, and the British commander was wounded and captured as well. After his capture the British were finally driven from the field; but General Ripley, who, after the wounding of Brown and Scott, was in command of the American troops,

ordered his men to retire toward Fort Erie. So the British were driven away, but the Americans did not hold the field, and each side said to the other, "You did not win," which is very near the truth.

It was in this battle of Lundy's Lane that Colonel James Miller was asked by General Brown if he could capture the enemy's artillery. "I'll try, sir," he replied, as he saluted and turned to lead his men in one of the most daring and brilliant charges ever known. Afterward, "I'll try, sir," became the watchword of his regiment, the men even wearing the words on buttons fastened to the lapels of their coats.

In September, General Brown, declaring that he had recovered from the terrible wound in his thigh, again took command of his army at Fort Erie, which was then being besieged by the British, and so brave and bold was he that soon the redcoats were again driven back of the Chippewa. With winter, however, came the treaty of peace which soon put an end to the campaign and to the war.

For a time, while peace was being established, General Brown remained in command of the northern division of the army; but in 1821 he was appointed "General-in-Chief," and from that time until the day of his death, which occurred in February, 1828, he made his home in Washington.

He was a noble man and true; firm in his discipline; a hard worker, strong in body and in mind; bold, firm, cool, and careful. It was his rugged honesty, however, that won him most friends. Men believed in him, for "his word was as good as his bond." Though he ab-

horred bloodshed, he was a natural soldier, and when he struck, he struck hard. "He did with his might what his hands found to do."

How much these United States owe him, no man can fully say, but the debt is no slight one.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON

(After the famous naval battle between the two vessels named above, the following "poem," or song, was written. It appeared first as a handbill printed on one sheet of quarto size, in the left upper corner of which was a wood engraving of the two men-of-war in action. It was sent forth as an "Extra" to commemorate the battle, and speedily became very popular, even the schoolboys using it for their reading lessons.)

'TWAS in the morning, the first day of June,
We weighed our anchors, and sailed about noon,
To meet a bold ship that hovered quite nigh,
The force of our ship she seem'd to defy.

Our captain was brave, a man of high fame,
For taking the *Peacock*¹ he'd a great name.
We scarcely had pass'd Boston harbor's light,
Before the *Shannon* was plain to our sight.

On seeing our ship she stood from the shore,
After her we sail'd for two hours or more;
The weather was fine — a westerly breeze,
No clouds to be seen, and still were the seas.

¹ Captain Lawrence, in the *Hornet*, of sixteen guns, took and sunk, after an action of fifteen minutes, His Britannic Majesty's brig *Peacock*, of nineteen guns.

“ Prepare for the conflict, without delay,
Men, see that you do my orders obey”—
“ We’ll fight till we die,” our crew then reply’d,
“ We’ll conquer, or else we’ll die by your side.”

Then quickly for action, our ship was clear’d—
“ All hands to your quarters,” was loudly hear’d;
“ Not from his station, let no man give way.”
These were the words our brave captain did say.

The action commenc’d by the roar of cannon,
We pour’d a broadside into the *Shannon*;
The *Shannon* she then returned the same,
And both were envelop’d in an ocean of flame.

The cannons did then incessantly roar;
And the decks all o’er encrimsoned with gore;
Yet our brave sailors they were not dismay’d,
No foes to our country can make them afraid.

Our brave commander a wound did receive,
For which all our crew did very much grieve;
Forty-eight brave seamen lay dead in their gore—
Ninety-seven were wounded—their fate we deplore.

Being o’erpowered, our ship could not save,
For fortune won’t always favor the brave.
The death of our captain we have to relate,
Brave Captain LAWRENCE, we mourn his sad fate.

To Columbia’s bold seamen, then draw near,
Over your slain mess-mates, let fall a tear;
The fair of our country some gratitude show,
To those brave lads who are fighting the foe.

To brave seamen all who so nobly fight,
For their dear country, and for their own rights;
Tars, the British as yet nothing have won,
Three frigates they've lost, and only took one.

Our cause truly noble, and honor our guide,
The defense of our country shall be our pride,
Our fathers who gain'd the freedom we hold,
We swear that the purchase shall ne'er be sold.

Our glorious freedom we drew with our breath,
The boon we'll keep unsullied till death.
If wounded — 'tis our country's intention,
To each that's disabl'd to give a good pension.

A BORDER HEROINE

Two years had passed since the beginning of the War of 1812. Along the shores of the Great Lakes and on the ocean the contest had been raging with varying success for the contestants. So busied were the people with the dangers and struggles at these points, that but little thought was bestowed upon the distant outposts, although in the lonely stations the heroism displayed was as admirable as that shown by the crew of the *Hornet*, or the followers of Winfield Scott at Lundy's Lane.

It was now midsummer in the year 1814. At a little fort about twenty miles from Vandalia, Lieutenant Journey with twelve hardy men had been stationed to protect the scattered settlers from the attacks of the Indians. These tribes had been roused by the pleas of Tecumseh and his brother, as well as by the no less powerful, though indirect, appeals of the British leaders. The monotony of the life in the lonely little fort had been unbroken for days. Every morning the same empty sweep of the prairie greeted the eyes of the garrison, and every evening the sun disappeared from sight behind the one clump of trees and bushes which broke the monotony of the surrounding country. Only one woman was in the fort, Mrs. Pursley, the wife of one of the soldiers, and her presence was appreciated by the lonely men.

Her motherly ways and kind heart had appealed to them all. And as we shall learn in the course of this story, she was not the weakest soldier there.

"There comes Tom," said one of the men, pointing, as he spoke, to a horseman who could be seen riding rapidly toward the fort.

"He is in a hurry," replied his companion, after pausing to observe the approaching man.

Tom Higgins was one of the twelve defenders of the fort. A comparatively young man, he had nevertheless had much experience in Indian warfare. Although Higgins made no protest against the actions of the young lieutenant in command of the fort, his closest friends could easily perceive that the young Indian fighter had no great confidence in the leader's judgment. If the men had been left to themselves, they would have selected Tom as their commander. Although the young lieutenant possessed a far greater knowledge of military science, his experience in dealing with Indians was somewhat limited, and experience was in greatest demand in the lonely post on the prairie.

"What is it, Tom?" said one of the men as the horseman entered.

"Indians," was Tom's reply, as he hastened to the quarters of Lieutenant Journey.

The result of the conference speedily became manifest. The guards were increased and a careful watch was maintained throughout the day. Tom's news was verified when Indians were twice discerned in the distance above the high grass of the prairie; but the night came and passed, and no attack was made upon the fort.

In the dawn of the morning following, Lieutenant Journey assembled his men and informed them that he had decided to go forth and reconnoiter. Not an Indian had been seen or heard all through the night, and the young leader was of the opinion that the enemy had departed.

In vain Tom Higgins shook his head and uttered his protest. He was too familiar with Indian ways to be misled; but when he perceived that his words were not to be heeded, he mounted his horse and, rifle in hand, joined his companions. All were mounted, and the young lieutenant was so confident that the Indians had departed that he summoned the entire garrison to go with him, leaving Mrs. Pursley alone by the gate of the fort. This she was to keep open for the return of the soldiers in case of danger, a provision which the lieutenant laughingly declared was utterly needless.

The mounted party started forth on their errand, the lieutenant leading the way. The high grass of the prairie was parched and dry under the August heat. Even the leaves on the only cluster of trees within sight were curled and warped. The air of the early morning was apparently without moisture, and Tom Higgins, grim and determined, was almost as much afraid of fire as he was of the Indians themselves. The high, dry grass might be the hiding-place of the red men, and if they should start a fire and the wind should arise and blow toward the fort, the little clearing would hardly save the garrison from a fate even worse than that which might befall them in case of capture.

The reconnoitering party had now gone about two

hundred yards from the fort, and not a sign of the presence of Indians had been discovered. The lieutenant, confident in his own superior judgment, turned his head, and as he glanced back at his men said: "You see I was right. There isn't a redskin within —"

Lieutenant Journey never completed the sentence. With a yell that resounded over the level prairie, a band of Indians arose out of the high grass in front of the advancing soldiers, and before a movement could be made against them, brought their guns to their shoulders, fired almost directly into the faces of the approaching men, and then sank again out of sight in the long grass. Lieutenant Journey pitched forward from his saddle and fell to the ground dead. Four of his companions also fell from their seats. Tom Higgins felt his own horse tremble beneath him. Instantly dismounting for fear his horse should fall, Tom caught a glimpse of six of the soldiers speeding away toward the fort, and Mrs. Pursley standing by the open gate awaiting their coming.

His own horse had been shot from under him, and the hardy frontiersman was, as he supposed, the last of his band upon the prairie and in the midst of concealed foes. His recent companions had almost gained the refuge of the fort. He could not overtake them, and his only reliance was his trusty rifle. But what could he hope to do unaided against a band of Indians whom he could not even see?

Tom resolved to do his utmost to protect himself and avenge his comrades. Hastily leaving his wounded horse, he ran swiftly toward the clump of trees not far away.

If only he could gain that shelter, he might be able to defend himself for a time at least.

Running swiftly, crouching low, and grasping the rifle in his hand, he had not covered half the distance when he discovered that the Indians had abandoned their hiding-place and were in swift pursuit of him. On and on ran Higgins, and on and on followed his pursuers. Above the top of the tall grass he could see the heads of his foes when he glanced backward, and he was as well assured that he himself could be seen by them. Tom soon perceived that he would not be able to gain the shelter of the trees before he would be overtaken. He seemed to himself to make but slow progress: the grass tripped him, heavy weights seemed to hold him back, and do what he would his pursuers gained steadily upon him.

At last he turned sharply about, brought his gun to his shoulder and fired at the nearest of the approaching savages. He saw the warrior pitch forward, but he saw something else which thrilled him still more. His own horse, which he had supposed to be fatally wounded, was running swiftly toward him. The sight filled him with a new hope. He called to the faithful animal, and then behind the little cloud of smoke which had followed his shot, he hastily reloaded his gun just as the horse came close to him.

In an instant he threw himself into the saddle, and prepared to make a dash for the fort, or if he should find that closed, to lead his pursuers in a chase on the prairies of which he had little doubt of the outcome.



HIS OWN HORSE . . . WAS RUNNING SWIFTLY TOWARD HIM.

He was about to start when he heard a voice from the grass by his side.

“Tom! Tom! You won’t leave me, will you?”

Tom Higgins looked quickly down and discovered one of his comrades lying upon the ground, gasping for breath. What should he do? To remain, might mean death for them both. His one shot had checked the approach of the Indians, but it would be only for a moment. Mounted as he was, he could easily escape. The appeal of his friend was apparently from a man already nearly dead. He would be justified in looking to his own safety first, in a time like that.

But the frontier hero, leaning low, said: “No, Burgess, I’ll not leave you. Come along.”

“I can’t come,” groaned Burgess. “I’m shot in the leg.”

Instantly Higgins dismounted, and tenderly lifting his wounded friend, whose ankle had been broken by a rifle ball, was about to place him upon the back of the horse, when the animal suddenly started, gave a snort of fear, and bounded away over the prairie.

“Don’t stop for that! It’s life or death now,” said Tom quickly, to his friend. “Crawl; I’ll stay between you and the Indians. Get into the tallest grass and keep close to the ground.” Burgess instantly responded, and painfully crawled into the high grass.

All these things had taken but a moment. The smoke from Tom’s gun had now cleared away. He would retreat, he thought, but he must not follow the path which Burgess had taken, for that, although the safest, might betray the presence of his friend.

He started from the place where he then was, and where the grass was higher than in the surrounding prairie, trusting to the swiftness of his flight for safety; but he had no sooner left it than he discovered a great warrior near him and two others between himself and the fort. Instantly changing the direction in which he was running, he started toward a little stream of water which was not far away; but he had not gone far before he discovered, for the first time, that he too had been wounded in the leg by the fire of the attacking party.

Realizing that it would be impossible to outstrip his pursuers, he turned and faced them. The largest of the Indians was near him now, and the other two were rushing eagerly forward. The huge warrior began to dance about to distract the aim of Tom as the latter brought his gun to his shoulder. Tom knew that he must waste no shot in the presence of such perils, and resolved to wait and let the first of his pursuers fire upon him.

The Indian raised his gun, and Tom, alert to every motion of his enemy, dropped quickly as he saw the finger press the trigger. The report rang out, and the hardy frontiersman at once realized that the ball had cut a gash in his thigh. At his first attempt to rise he fell back, but immediately rose again and began to run. The Indian warrior quickly reloaded and with his two companions pressed eagerly forward, now certain of his victim.

Again Tom fell, and as he rose the three guns were discharged together. He realized that again he had been hit; but although he once more dropped to the ground, he quickly rose and stood facing the Indians, who now

had thrown aside their guns and were advancing upon him with spears and knives.

His own gun, as he knew, had not been discharged. As he presented it, first at one and then at another of his foes, they danced about yelling, and fell back before him. At last the largest Indian, concluding that Tom's gun was not loaded at all, rushed boldly upon him. Tom's finger instantly pressed the trigger, the sharp report rang out, and the savage pitched forward and lay lifeless upon the ground.

Two bullets now were in Tom's body, in his hands was an empty gun, before him were two unharmed Indians, and in the distance was a large body of warriors. To most men the situation would have been too terrible to admit of a further struggle; but brave Tom Higgins had no thought of giving up, so long as the breath of life remained in his body.

Again he succeeded in loading his rifle, but the dancing warriors prevented him from taking careful aim, and with a sinking heart he perceived that he had missed when he fired. With a whoop the two warriors then rushed upon him. In their hands were long, thin poles which had been sharpened at the points, and although they were without the stone spearheads, they were capable of inflicting painful and severe wounds, as the brave Tom soon discovered. Again and again they darted at him; but the hardy soldier succeeded in warding off all save a few thrusts, which caused great pain but did not prevent him from struggling.

At last one of the warriors drew back his arm and threw his tomahawk. Quick as Tom was, he was not

quick enough to dodge the terrible weapon, and felt that it had struck him on the edge of the cheek and caused a deep flesh wound.

Still the desperate man had no thought of abandoning the contest. He had almost fallen under the force of the blow; but quickly regaining his upright position, with one hand he grasped the spear which one of the warriors thrust at him, and thus holding the savage near him, with his other hand he raised aloft his gun and brought it down upon the head of the Indian. The rifle broke under the force of the blow; but the warrior sank upon the ground, and with only the gun barrel in his hand Tom turned to face the third warrior, who now rushed boldly forward.

For a moment the two men stood silently facing each other. Tom's wounds were ghastly, but there was something in the expression of his face far more terrible, and the Indian turned and began to make his way toward the spot where he had left his gun. Weak as Tom Higgins was, he realized that if his antagonist succeeded in regaining his musket, the contest would quickly be ended.

Throwing aside the empty gun barrel, and drawing his hunting knife, he rushed upon his dusky foe. The struggle which followed was a desperate one. Blindly, savagely, more like beasts than like men, the two contended. Poor Tom was almost exhausted. Wounded, bleeding, desperate, he put forth all his strength, but it soon became apparent that he was no match for his antagonist. With a mighty effort the Indian succeeded in throwing Tom from him, and then instantly started again for his gun.

Feebly Tom arose and made for the gun of the other Indian. The prairie seemed to be whirling about him. The light of the sun at times turned black. He almost forgot who and where he was; but the instinct of the soldier was still strong within him, and he stumbled forward, determined to secure the weapon. Suddenly with a glance of despair he caught sight of a band of Indians in the distance riding swiftly forward to the assistance of their comrade. The contest would soon be ended now, he thought, but with courage unabated he struggled on. His eyes were almost blinded, his breath came in gasps, and groans issued from his parched and swollen lips. The issue could not long be in doubt.

Meanwhile the helpless little garrison had watched the contest with breathless terror. No one spoke save occasionally to murmur a word of compassion for their desperate comrade in the distance. Again and again they had thought the end had come, but the brave soldier each time had struggled to his feet and the contest was renewed.

Mrs. Pursley had been the most excited of all the spectators. Repeatedly she had urged the men to go forth and attempt the rescue of the struggling man, but not one had responded to her appeal. It seemed to them like rushing into certain death. It was better that one should die, than that six should perish in the hopeless effort to save him and leave the fort unprotected.

The excitement and pity of the true-hearted woman increased with every passing moment. She pleaded and begged the men to go to the aid of Tom Higgins, but all

sullenly shook their heads. Not one was willing to leave the shelter of the fort.

At last, when she saw that the contest was near its end, and that a large body of Indians was coming to the aid of the warrior, she could bear the suspense no longer. Turning to the men near her she cried:—

“He’s down! He’s fallen! Isn’t there one man here brave enough to go to his rescue? What cowards you all are! It’s a shame! It’s a disgrace that such a brave fellow as Tom Higgins shouldn’t have one friendly hand stretched forth to him! Oh, will not some one go? It must be done! It must be done!”

Still no one responded to her appeal.

Abruptly the noble woman ceased her pleading. Leaping down from the fence on which she had been standing with her companions, she ran swiftly to the place where the horses had been tied. Quickly freeing one she led him to the gate, which she flung wide open, and leaping upon the back of the faithful animal dashed alone across the prairie to the aid of brave Tom Higgins.

For a moment the men looked blankly at one another, and then without a word having been spoken they, too, leaped down from the fence and started for their horses. One man was left behind as the guardian of the gate, and then all the others rode at full speed across the prairie, shamed into action by the example of the woman, when the unspoken appeal of the struggling man had not moved them.

Mrs. Pursley was far in advance of them all, and her horse seemed to share in her excitement. On and on she rode, and just as poor Tom Higgins again stumbled

and fell, she was by his side. Hastily she dismounted and by her aid the wounded man climbed upon the horse's back. Quickly taking her place in front of the brave soldier, and bidding him cling to her, she put her horse into a run just as the approaching band of Indians perceived what had occurred.

With a whoop they started in pursuit, but the soldiers now placed themselves between the woman and the savages, and all rode swiftly back to the fort. The mad race was quickly ended, the shelter of the fort was soon gained, the gate was quickly closed and barred, and Tom Higgins was safe.

On the following day, Burgess crawled back and was admitted, but weeks passed before Tom Higgins recovered from his wounds. But recover he did, thanks to the tireless care of Mrs. Pursley; and although the tale of his bravery and of her heroism has been almost forgotten in these later days, certainly both are deserving of a high place in the annals of a nation which has ever delighted to honor its heroes.

WINFIELD SCOTT

FOR many years after the War of 1812 Winfield Scott was one of the most prominent men in America. He was a very young man at the time of the war, but his bravery and dash, his ability to lead men, and his boldness, whether on the battlefield or in the presence of his captors, gave to him that element which almost always causes men to "honor the brave." In addition to all these things, his commanding stature of six feet and five inches and his great physical strength were great aids to him. Few, indeed, have been the men to make so quick an advance in rank as did he. Obtaining a commission as captain in the army in 1809, he worked his way up so rapidly that at the end of the War of 1812 he was a major general.

He was born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786. In 1805 he was a student in William and Mary College, an institution which had already sent out many famous men, and in 1807 was admitted to the Virginia bar.

The excitement aroused by the war, however, proved to be too strong for the stalwart young lawyer to resist, and soon he found himself on the Niagara frontier, where his deeds, as we have said, speedily brought him into such prominence that the country from one end to the other sang his praises.

In the autumn of 1812 an attempt was made to invade

Canada by crossing the Niagara River. Some of the bolder and braver men did succeed in crossing the river and almost recklessly assaulted the British who were in force on Queenstown Heights; but the others could not be coaxed or driven to leave the safety of Lewiston, and so it came to pass that the thousand men who crossed the Niagara were killed or captured.

Among the prisoners secured by the redcoats was young Winfield Scott, then a colonel, who had been taken only after a desperate struggle. The regulars among the prisoners were to be sent to Quebec. Just as the vessels in which they were about to sail were preparing to depart, some British officers came on board, assembled the prisoners on deck, and coolly began to separate those whom they were pleased to call Irishmen from the others. The officers declared that these Irish prisoners were to be sent to England and there tried for treason; that they were British subjects, and that once to be a Briton was always to be a Briton.

The noise and confusion on deck were heard by Scott, who rushed boldly into the midst of the men, and as soon as he understood the cause of the trouble protested indignantly against the actions of the British. He was sternly ordered to go below, but go he would not. The soldiers to a man were ready to do his bidding. Twenty-three had already been picked out as Irish subjects of the king, but Scott bade all the others refuse to speak and so betray by their speech the land from which they had come. He boldly assured the British officers that if they dared to harm one of the so-called Irish prisoners, his own government would avenge the outrage. He

quietly comforted his own men and at the same time he boldly defied the redcoats before him.

The twenty-three unfortunate prisoners had been taken in irons on board a waiting British frigate, and when Scott was exchanged, as he was in January, 1813, he at once in person reported the outrage to Washington, and a bill was immediately introduced in the Senate "to vest the President of the United States with powers of retaliation." The bill was not passed, however, as it was declared the President already had this power. Fortunately for all concerned, the British thought better of their threat, and so the danger was averted, the English for once having laid aside their cherished doctrine of "Once a Briton, always a Briton."

Winfield Scott, promoted again, was soon once more on the Niagara frontier, and with him now were abler generals than those with whom he had been associated before. It was during the winter of 1813-1814 that he translated a French text-book on military tactics and gave the American army what it had never had before, — a system of drill. In the battle of Chippewa, July, 5, 1814, in the capture of Fort Erie on July 13, 1814, and in the terrible battle of Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814, "General" Scott, for that was the title he then had, took a very active part, and the successes gained were in no slight measure due to his bravery. In the last-named battle he was severely wounded.

Perhaps his spirit and method can be estimated in no way better than to quote a part of his address to his soldiers in the battle of Queenstown Heights. The redcoats were advancing in great numbers. The promise

of aid and reënforcements for the Americans from the terrified militia on the other side of the river had failed. Matters were indeed desperate, but just at the most appalling moment, young Scott, his tall form easily seen above all the ranks of men, sprang upon a log and facing his comrades, at the very time when the British came thundering in, cried:—

“The enemy’s balls begin to thin our ranks. His



THE HEIGHTS OF QUEENSTOWN.

numbers are overwhelming. In a moment the shock must come and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. Hull’s surrender is to be redeemed. Let us, then, die arms in hand. The country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall and their country’s wrongs. Who dare to stand?”

"All! all!" shouted the men together.

What cause for wonder is there that such a leader should have won the admiration and love of his men and of the nation!

Among the many testimonials General Scott received for his bravery was the degree of doctor of laws bestowed upon him by Princeton in 1814, and strange as it may seem in a soldier, he was especially proud of this honor.

In 1823 the duel was still common and was looked upon by many as the best and perhaps the sole way of avenging one's honor. Andrew Jackson, at that time very jealous of Scott and open in his attacks upon him, tried by every means in his power to draw him into a duel. Scott was no coward, as we well know, but he quietly and persistently refused the combat, and in spite of the general feeling of the people upon the subject, so clear were his motives and so upright his life that he did not lose one whit in the estimation of the public. He was a terrible fighter when war must be faced, but like all truly great men he was not to be easily provoked, and always loved peace.

It was largely due to the efforts of General Scott that war was several times averted. In 1832 he was ordered to Charleston by President Jackson during the "nullification" troubles, and so wise and careful was he that he upheld the power of the country and at the same time preserved the love and respect of the hot-headed men who had almost plunged the land into a conflict.

In 1832-1833 came the troubles with Black Hawk, in 1837-1838 arose the so-called "Patriot War" on the Canadian border which almost brought on another war

with England, in 1838 there was a serious dispute over the boundary line between Maine and New Brunswick, and in 1859 came the threatening "San Juan difficulty," and in all these it was Winfield Scott, fearless, upright, and wise, who preserved the peace of the nation when almost every other man would have brought on the horrors of war.

In 1847 came a veritable war, however, the war with Mexico, and Winfield Scott was to be the leader. As in the War of 1812, Scott, though a man of peace, believed when the conflict became inevitable, that the best peace was to be gained by fighting hard. In March of that year with twelve thousand men he landed before Vera Cruz, and after a bombardment of nine days the city and its great fort, the strongest of the nation, surrendered. The navy then took possession of the Mexican ports, and Scott with his army marched toward the City of Mexico. The country through which he passed was a mountainous land full of difficult and narrow passes, but Winfield Scott permitted no difficulties to stop him. At one of the narrow passes called Cerro Gordo, Santa Anna, the leader of the Mexican army, had a force of twelve thousand men. Early in April, Scott appeared at the pass with nine thousand men and at once gave battle. Scott was completely successful and almost captured Santa Anna, who, however, managed to get away from the field, though he left his cork leg behind him.

Advancing once more, Scott one day in August gained five successive victories over his enemy, though his own army was vastly outnumbered by the Mexicans; and

after the Mexican army had withdrawn into the City of Mexico, Santa Anna proposed peace. Negotiations were kept up for three weeks; but Scott, becoming satisfied that the Mexican leader was using the time for strengthening the defenses of the city, broke off the negotiations and renewed the war.

About a week afterward the Americans made a grand assault on Chapultepec, a strong castle perched on the top of a very steep hill outside the city. The Americans had to climb the steep cliffs and use scaling ladders in erecting fortifications, and though the Mexicans re-

sisted bravely and even attempted to blow up the castle, Scott's men gained the place. Immediately the American army moved around to another side of the city from which no attack had been expected by the over-confident Mexicans, and before nightfall two of the city gates were in possession of the invaders.

During the night, Santa Anna, with what was left of his army, fled from the city, and early in the morning of September 14, 1847, Scott and his forces, now reduced to six thousand men, marched into the town and raised the Stars and Stripes over the national palace of Mexico.

This virtually put an end to the war, and the heroic



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

action and determination of Winfield Scott had once more brought victory to the arms of his country and credit and glory to himself as the foremost soldier of the United States.

In 1852 the Whig party nominated Winfield Scott for the presidency. His ability and integrity were not questioned, but a peculiar combination of circumstances led to his defeat. Sometimes he was easily led into making great blunders both in speech and action. He had become very corpulent, and his immense size made his manners seem very pompous at times, and some people who had formerly been his strongest friends rebelled against him. The North was not united upon him, and the southern Whigs were afraid that he was too much under the influence of Seward.

The consequence was that he was overwhelmingly defeated in the election, and his defeat was the beginning of the final overthrow of his party.

Still, whatever might be the political opinions of the man, the nation believed in him, and in 1859 he was made lieutenant general and commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States until October, 1861.

When his native state at the outbreak of the Civil War seceded from the Union, Scott still remained true to the nation, although he was too old a man to take an active part in her defense.

He died at West Point, May 29, 1866.

He was a brave and able man. He was honest as are but few men. Whatever his mistakes or opinions, people believed in him as a man. His greatest weakness was his extreme personal vanity. He was very insistent

upon all the details of military precedent and etiquette, and in a democratic country some of his actions were likely to make people amused or angry. All men have their weaknesses, however, and few have ever done enough to give them even the basis for the vanity which came to have too prominent a part in Scott's life.

In the War of 1812 he certainly was of marvelous aid to his struggling country, and there are many of his deeds and words which we ought not to forget. He never faltered before his obstacles, nor wavered when others were inclined to run. The greater the task, the more he roused himself to meet it, and if there is a better way by which to gain success than that used by Winfield Scott, the world has yet to hear of it.

H. A.

1 Portrait

